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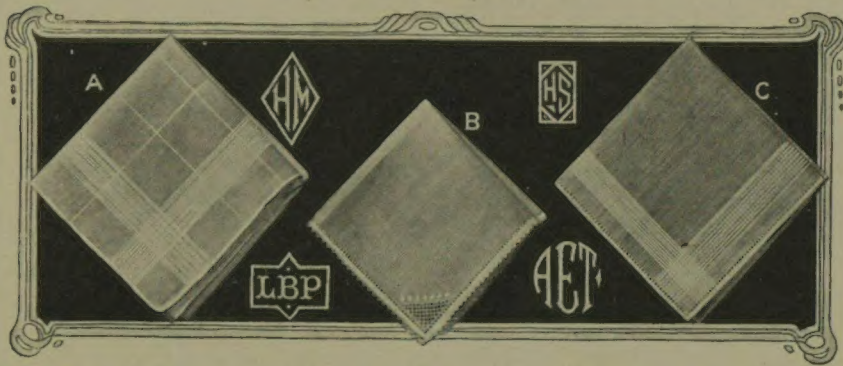
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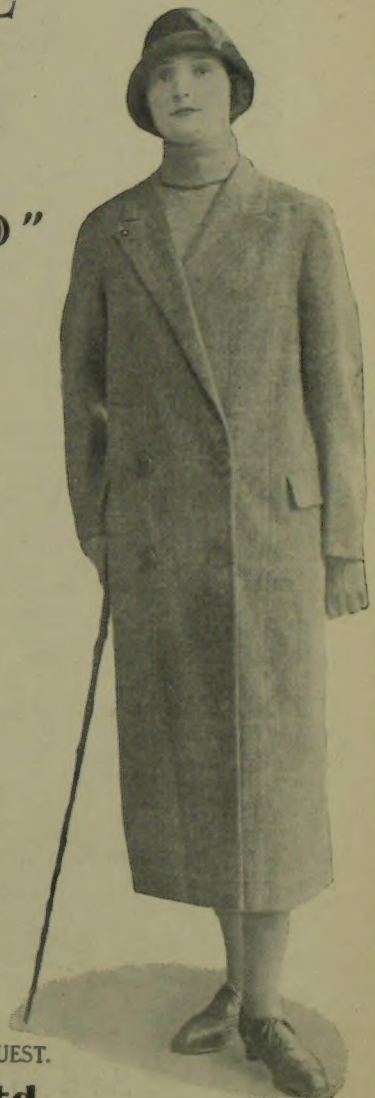
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1925.

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THE MOVING SPIRIT IN A DISCOVERY AS WONDERFUL AS THAT OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON PHOTOGRAPHING AN UNUSUALLY COMPLETE SKELETON OF AN ICE-AGE MAN FOUND AT PREDMOST, IN MORAVIA.

In this number we commence the revelation of what is, beyond dispute, the most important and extensive discovery of prehistoric remains ever known in the annals of anthropology. Near the village of Predmost, in Moravia (now part of Czecho-Slovakia) has been unearthed the site of a great community of palæolithic hunters of the Ice Age, with a large number of human skeletons and enormous quantities of implements and bones of animals, as well as many examples of

primitive art. The prime mover in this great discovery is Professor D. K. Absolon, of Prague University, Curator of the Museum at Brno (Brünn). He is seen photographing a skeleton for "The Illustrated London News," to which he has entrusted the first publication of his extraordinary results. Illustrations appear in this number, with an appreciation by Sir Arthur Keith. The subject will be continued.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MOST of those who know me have been able to distinguish me at a glance from a haggard and emaciated genius, starving in a garret and spitting out curses against the critics and the human race. Many could testify that I am not haggard; most would add that I am not a genius; some would conceive that I am not naturally a hater of my kind. But there is always a danger of calling up this image before the mind if ever a man who has written a book makes any remark about the reviews upon the book. Generally speaking, it is a very good rule not to do it. It is true that the genius who never replies to critics is an even more offensive person than the genius who is always replying to critics. But an ordinary human being who happens to write books may happen also to read newspapers. He may happen to notice something in a newspaper that interests him, and he should not, I think, be compelled to renounce his interest because the note concerns a book he had written. Anyhow, I noticed a remark in a newspaper the other day in connection with something I had perpetrated called "The Everlasting Man," and, while I should not dream of attempting to defend my book, I consider myself entitled to defend my opinion.

It concerned the mysterious but also amusing subject of animals. My thesis was roughly summed up in the statement: "The more we look at a man as an animal the less he will look like one." But it also suggested that when we look at him for the very first time, in the full and frank use of our common-sense before it is complicated with sophistry, we never do look at him as an animal. It is proved by the very fact that we say "animals" when we mean the other animals. If somebody said, "There is another animal in the garden," and you found it was the Vicar, you would be surprised; and no subsequent explanation about the Vicar's evolutionary origin and biological structure could completely efface the memory of a departure from common speech. If somebody said, "Come and see the animals," and you found that his animals were his aunts, you would think it was a joke; you might possibly think it was a disrespectful joke; but you would not think it was simply a serious thesis about the unity of nature. I say we are in danger of forgetting this first fact, the enormous distinction and disproportion of man in relation to other creatures. In other words, the animality of man is an afterthought. Say, if you like, that the achievements of this animal have been so amazing and miraculous that they have stunned and stupefied us, so that we forget that he is an animal. We do not in a racial sense remember our relation to the animals, or our rise out of the animals, if there was one. It is just barely possible, of course (as I also delicately suggested) that we do not remember it because it never happened. But I am not specially concerned with that doubt here; and even in my unfortunate book I was not mainly concerned with it. I was concerned with pointing out that, if man is a beast, he is something like a monster—an exceptional and extravagant apparition whose powers, if they are not supernatural, look at least preternatural, and are quite out of the scale of things.

Now, I should have thought that point was simple, for it professedly only points out what is self-evident. And yet it is exactly that simple and self-evident thing

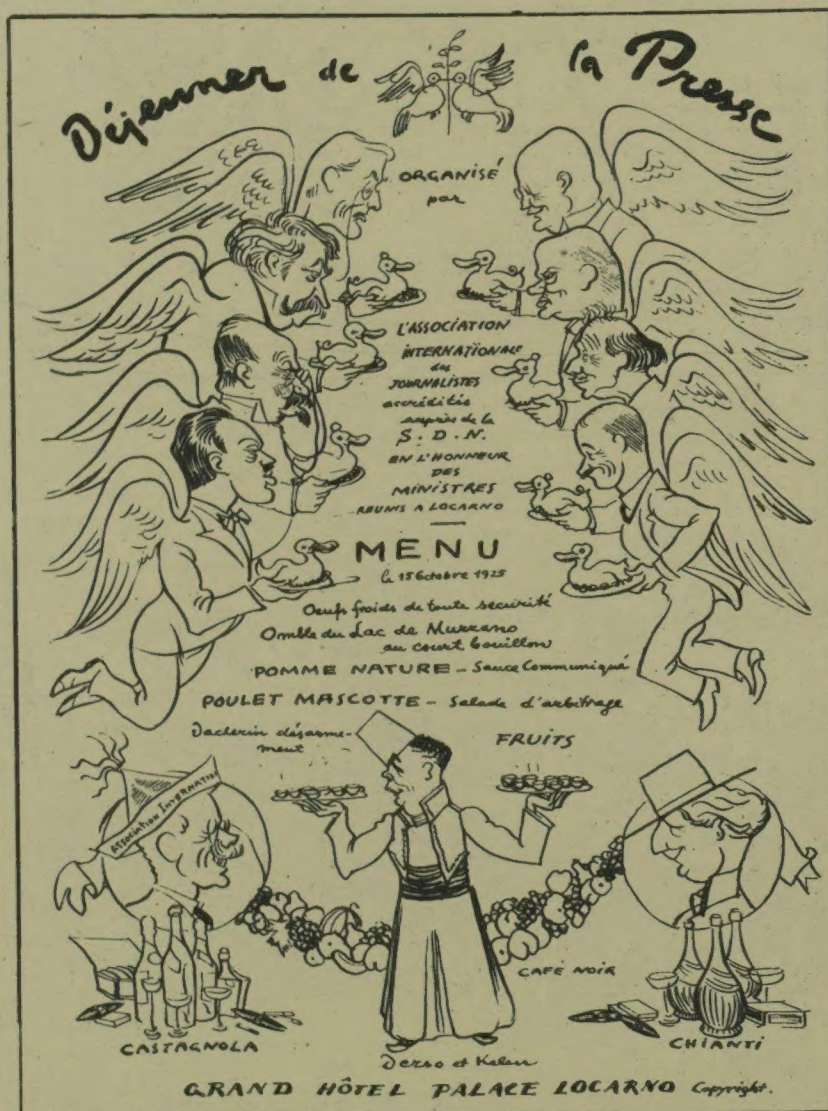
that I do not seem to have been able to convey. For an excellent evolutionary critic in the *Morning Post* gave a reply that somehow startles me, as it startles one to find one is talking to a stone-deaf person. His review was very well written and far more friendly than I had any particular right to expect. He wrote like a scholar and a man who understood ideas. What puzzled me was that the critic told me, with great gravity, that it was not quite true that the lower animals were entirely without traces of our spiritual or artistic tendencies, because if I would read about the researches of M. Fabre, or some distinguished

between the human and the sub-human mind. But I do not need to follow anything, or read anything, or specially go out of my way even to notice anything; in order to notice the superiority of the human to the sub-human mind. He tells me that if I had watched a monkey, say, for as many years on end as did an inexhaustible French naturalist, I should see he was in some ways like a man. But that is the whole point. How long should I have to watch a man before I saw he was not a monkey?

The man would have managed in the first fifteen minutes to do a whole wonderland of things that exist nowhere in the world except in him. It is this striking and outstanding disproportion that I think is in danger of being forgotten. Whether he put on his hat, or looked at his watch, or lit a cigarette, or sat down in a chair, or did any other ordinary action, he would be working miracles as compared with the world before he came. There is no question of studying that prodigy in order to see that it is a prodigy. These are not facts we find out, but facts from which we could not flee; these are not disputable traces, but indisputable truths. Nobody could be so stupid as not to see them, though people sometimes become so clever as to forget them.

Now I do not need to be told that many of the higher animals have been discovered by some distinguished French naturalist to have many of the moods and fine shades of human nature. I am not a distinguished French naturalist, but I have a dog. Nobody could be a week in the house with my dog without knowing that he performs some mental operations in much the same fashion as his master, only a little quicker. He loves his friends, though I am inclined to doubt whether he prays for his enemies. He certainly feels, and in his way he certainly thinks. Whether he reasons rather depends on the definition of the term. In one sense he reasons as well as anybody else—that is, he infers one thing from another thing, as that there may be a cat in a tree to-day because there was one yesterday, or that picking up a hat points probably to going for a walk. I should be inclined to say that he does not concern himself with reason in the sense of abstraction. He knows that a ball rolls in different directions, and so do those who have to throw it for him. He knows that the wheels of motor-cars go round, and he has discovered by a slight and salutary accident that it is well to allow them to do so unimpeded. That is certainly the scientific method of discovery, and he has made that discovery in practical mechanics. But I do not think he ever says, "A ball is round all ways, and that is why it rolls all ways; a wheel is only a section of a globe, and that is why it goes one way."

But whatever causes the difference, there is the difference; and I say that the difference is a division—a real distinction of kind and not a degree. A vague sense of degree may produce only an impression of similarity. A sense of proportion shows us a prodigy. It is a question of fact about one of the outstanding features of the universe. And it is not an answer to a man staring in admiration at the Matterhorn to say that he might see crystals of the same shape through a microscope.



HUMOURS OF THE LOCARNO CONFERENCE: THE DELEGATES AS ANGELS OF PEACE—A MENU CARD FOR A BANQUET, DESIGNED BY A PARISIAN CARICATURIST. This amusing menu card was designed by the Paris caricaturist, Kelen, for the banquet given to the Delegates at Locarno by the Association of International Journalists. At the top on the left will be recognised Mr. Austen Chamberlain, with M. Briand next below him, facing Herr Luther and Herr Stresemann, the two leading members of the German delegation. The items on the menu are appropriately named.—[Drawn by Kelen.]

biologist, I should find that such signs had already been noted and tabulated.

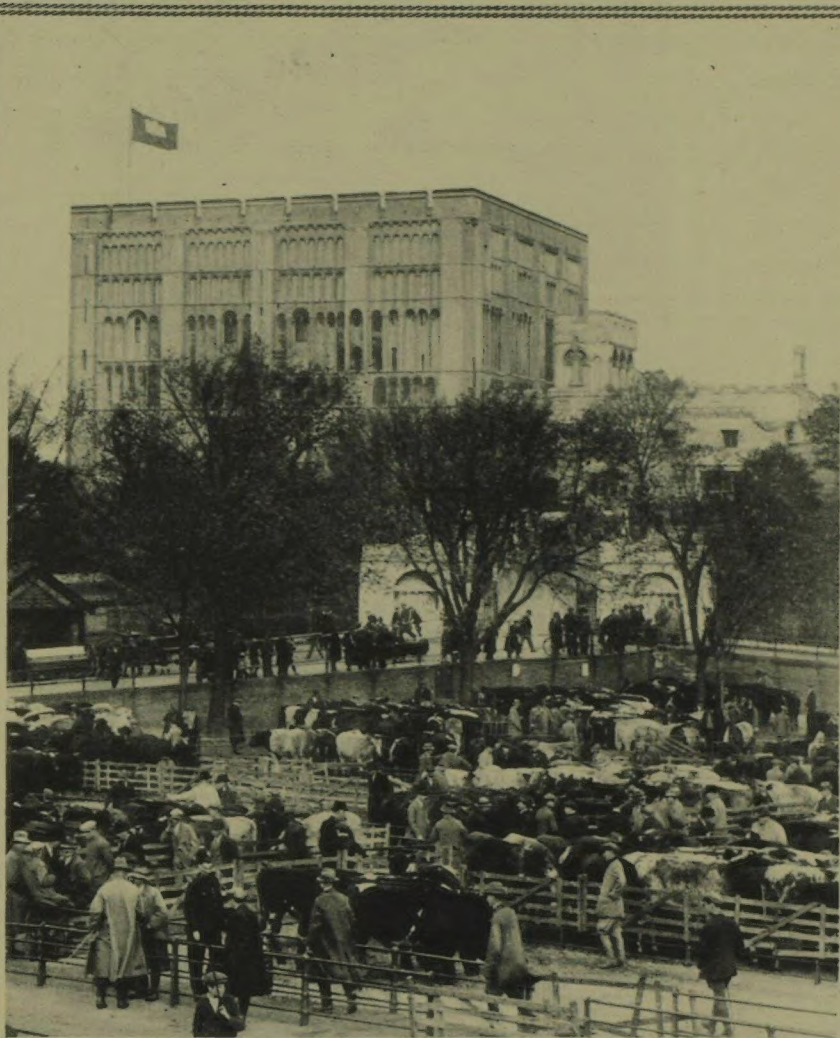
Now that is exactly what I mean by not seeing the self-evident. That is what I mean by missing the point. For the point I mean is a point like the peak of the Matterhorn. It is a gigantic spike standing up sharp and solid in the sky; and that is apparently why people cannot see it. All that my critic can tell me is that if I were to follow out certain experiments recorded by a particular naturalist in a particular book, I might begin to find for the first time what some suppose to be traces of a resemblance

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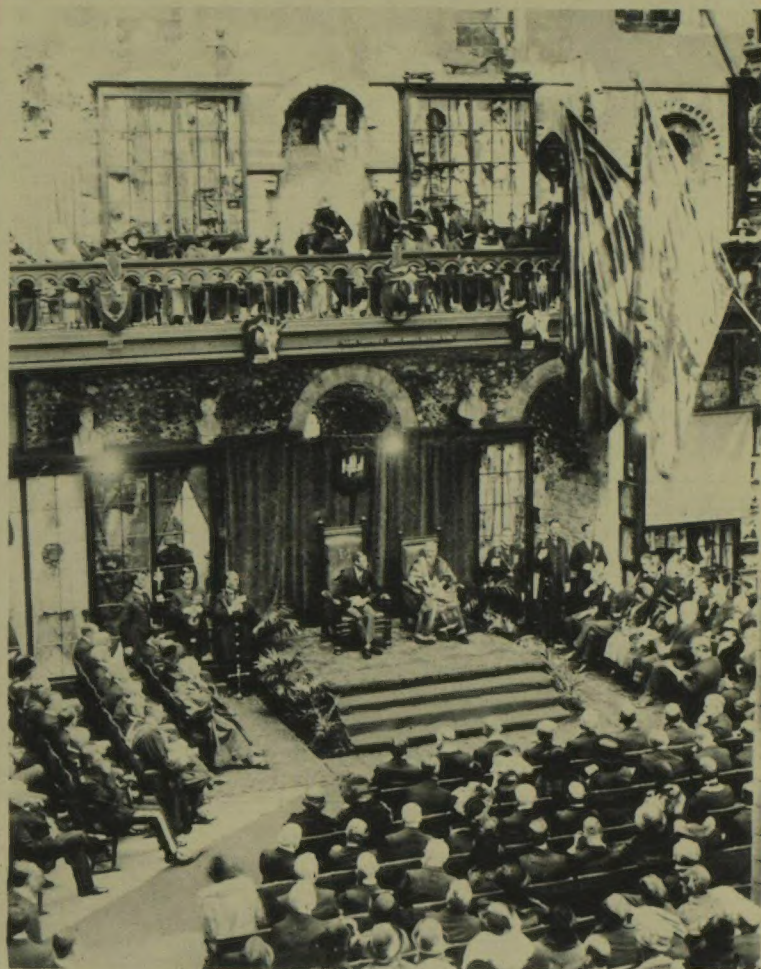
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THE DUKE OF YORK'S DAY OF MANY CEREMONIES AT NORWICH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, G.P.U., AND I.B.



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THE CENTENARY OF THE PARENT MUSEUM: THE DUKE OF YORK (ON THE DAIS) WITH THE LORD MAYOR (DR. G. STEVENS POPE) IN THE KEEP OF NORWICH CASTLE.



OPENED BY THE DUKE OF YORK: THE SAMSON AND HERCULES HOUSE, THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE NORWICH AND EASTERN DIVISION OF THE Y.W.C.A.



"IN THIS GRAND OLD NORMAN HERITAGE, WE ARE ASSEMBLED TO MARK YET ANOTHER IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF YOUR BOROUGH": THE DUKE OF YORK (BESIDE THE LORD MAYOR OF NORWICH) AT THE CASTLE MUSEUM CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

The Duke of York's day in Norwich, on October 24, was peculiarly full of public functions and opening ceremonies. He first visited the Castle and attended the celebration of the centenary of the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, the parent institution of the Museum housed in that ancient building. "To-day," he said, "in this grand old Norman heritage, we are assembled to mark yet another important event in the history of your borough. My father and mother, when Duke and Duchess of York, opened the Norwich Castle Museum on October 23 thirty-one years ago." He expressed the regret of the Duchess of York that she

had not been able to accompany him, owing to a cold. In her place he afterwards opened the Samson and Hercules House, the new home of the local branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, and unveiled a commemorative tablet there. He had previously opened a museum of local industries in the Bridewell, a fine old fourteenth-century flint building, as well as Suckling House and Stuart Hall, all recently presented to the city, and in Stuart Hall he had unveiled a memorial tablet to Mrs. James Stuart, sister of the Misses Colman, the donors. The Bridewell was given by Mr. H. N. Holmes, an ex-Lord Mayor.

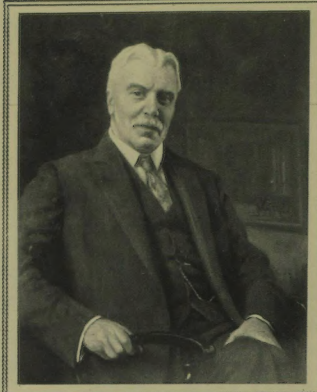
"MEN OF YORKSHIRE": AN EXHIBITION OF "COUNTY PORTRAITURE."

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY ERNEST MOORE, TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE WALKER

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FRANCIS BRIDGE-
MAN, G.C.B.,
G.C.V.O.



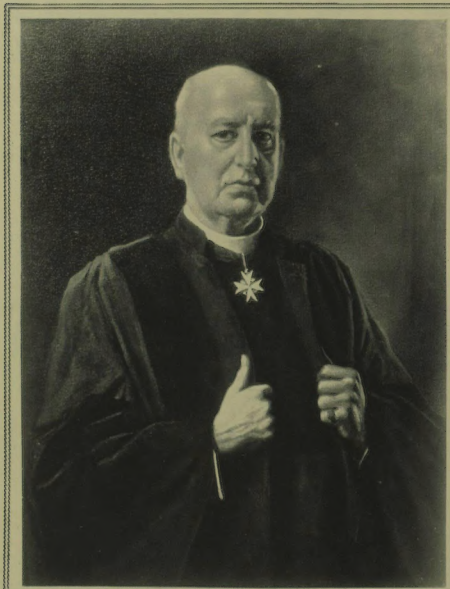
ASTRONOMY:
SIR FRANK
DYSON, F.R.S.,
THE
ASTRONOMER
ROYAL.



POLITICS AND
SCIENCE: LORD
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THE ARMY:
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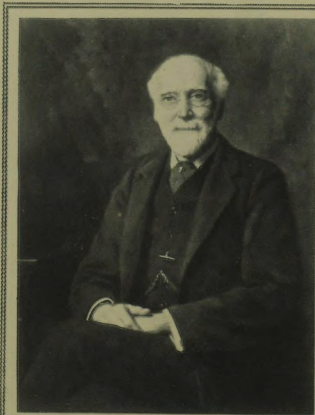
THE CHURCH: THE DEAN OF YORK, DR. FOXLEY NORRIS
(RECENTLY APPOINTED DEAN OF WESTMINSTER).



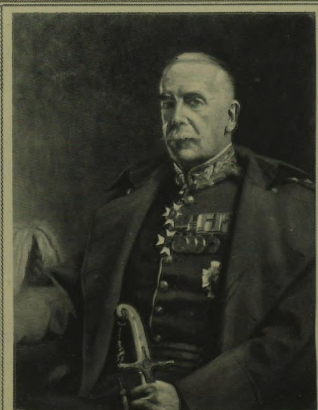
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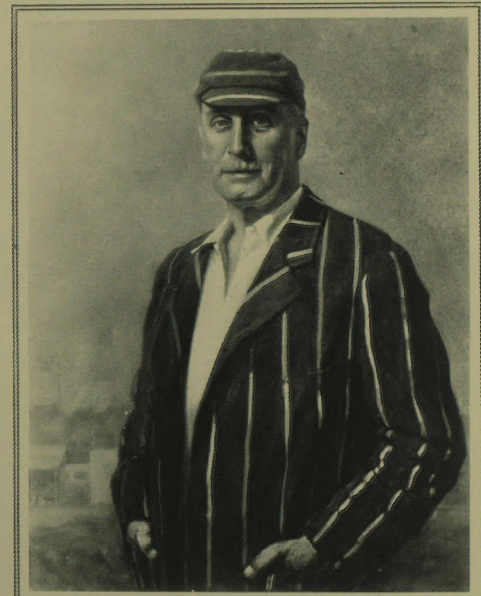
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EDWARD
BULFIN, K.C.B.,
COLONEL OF THE
GREEN
HOWARDS.



CRICKET: LORD HAWKE, THE FAMOUS YORKSHIRE VETERAN.

MR. Ernest Moore, the well-known painter, has instituted what may become a new vogue—that of county portraiture—in his Exhibition which is to be opened on November 4, for two weeks, at the Walker Galleries in New Bond Street. The series of portraits, bearing the general title of "Men of Yorkshire," includes prominent representatives of various professions, industries, and institutions, who were either born in the county or are closely connected with it by residence or occupation. The word "men" in the title of the Exhibition, it may be noted, is used in the wider sense, for there is one woman in the list—namely, Mrs. Kendal, the celebrated actress. Though a native of Cleethorpes, in Lincolnshire, she has been associated with Yorkshire all her life, and is a member of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London.

BESIDES the portraits we reproduce, Mr. Ernest Moore's Exhibition contains a number of others, including those of the Earl of Scarborough, Sir Michael Sadler, Sir Charles Sykes, Sir Arthur Colefax, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, Mr. John Coates, and Sir Alfred Rice-Oxley, M.D., Mayor of Kensington and Physician-in-Ordinary to Princess Beatrice. The Exhibition is of great interest, not only from its association with England's largest shire, which is now the home county of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, but also from the artistic quality of the portraits. Mr. Ernest Moore is a painter of much distinction, and it may be recalled that his portrait of the late Lord Bryce, painted at the British Embassy in Washington, was purchased by Sir Charles Wakefield and presented by him to the National Portrait Gallery, where it has been hung in Room XXV.

SOCIETY'S AUTUMN "HALFWAY HOUSE" BETWEEN NORMANDY AND THE RIVIERA: THE CÔTE D'ARGENT.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LÉON FAURET.



AFTERNOON TEA UNDER "THE ARCHES" AT BAYONNE: A FAVOURITE RESORT IN
FROM BIARRITZ MINGLES WITH

THE PICTURESQUE OLD RUE DU PONT NEUF, WHERE THE FASHIONABLE CROWD
THE STURDY BASQUE NATIVES.

"When autumn comes," says a French writer in reference to this drawing, "the fashionable world migrates from the *plages* of Normandy to the *Côte d'Argent*, until winter shall carry them on to the *Côte d'Azur*. The same cosmopolitan crowd is to be found now at Biarritz, St. Jean-de-Luz, and Bayonne, on the coast and at the foot of the Pyrenees, in a genial climate that prolongs the days of summer. From time to time visitors at Biarritz betake themselves to Bayonne, to see a bull-fight or a game of Basque pelota. Bayonne is an ancient town full of historic memories, with its Châteaux Vieux flanked by massive towers, and the picturesque Rue du Pont Neuf with its low arcades—"the Arches," as they are called down there. This is

the favourite rendezvous for afternoon tea, and provides the observer with a scene of constant interest. Luxury shops, with their alluring windows, alternate with *patisseries* and chocolate-sellers. The tea tables are packed tightly together. Here is a peasant woman passing by, with a Basque youth wearing the traditional little cap (*baret*), and there is an Arab itinerant vendor of rugs and trinkets displaying his wares—all in curious contrast to the British and Parisian customers. This corner of France, while attracting Society, has preserved its own character. A sturdy race has not allowed itself to be submerged by the flood of tourists, and this fact gives the Côte d'Argent its peculiar charm.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"Bean Soup": The Japanese Actor and his "Shop."

"KABUKI." By ZOË KINCAID.*

THE theatrical art of Japan takes three forms: "the Nô, or classic drama, with its masked figures, perfected five hundred years ago; Ningyô-shibai, or the doll-theatre, where marionettes interpret complicated ballad dramas; and Kabuki, the popular theatre, in which male players reign supreme."

In the fourteenth century, the protection of the Shogun Yoshimitsu and the patronage of the daimyo made the Nô, with its productions during festivals of shrines and temples, the monopoly of the aristocracy. "When the Shogunate fell, the Nô almost went out of existence, but slowly regained its prestige, and within recent years it has attained unprecedented popularity. It is regarded as a means of culture, and it is claimed by increasing numbers of intellectuals."

The doll-theatre, now, alas! in being only at Osaka, "the city of smoke-stacks," draws the inspiration of its music from the Nô, and has profoundly influenced the Kabuki. It presents Joruri, so-called after the beautiful princess loved of the legendary Yoshitsune. "The rise of the Doll-theatre to public favour was the result of the relation of the dolls and minstrelsy. They had existed separately for many years. Before Joruri was born, there were blind minstrels who sang their ballads, accompanying themselves by scratching the ribs of their fans to mark the rhythm. . . . Strolling puppet-players there were also, with boxes suspended by cords around their necks. They displayed their dolls on the top of the box, which formed a miniature stage for the movements of the little figures. In the fullness of time the dolls and minstrels approached each other, instead of leading separate existences. But it was music that brought them together. The introduction of the samisen from the Loo Choo Islands, by way of the port of Sakai . . . was the medium that united these workers in the sphere of puppetry. By the end of the sixteenth century, this combination had produced the popular music-ballad drama," with its devoted doll-handlers, its tricks, its conjuring, its ingenious manipulations, its complicated technique, its imagery, its idylls, its demonology, its fighting patriotism, its radiant figures in an imaginary world.

The Kabuki was originated by a woman, O-Kuni, a ritual dancer at the great Shinto shrine of Izumo, in the "Province of the Gods," who founded it in 1596, on the dry bed of the Kamo River, in Kyoto. Its present condition is "like that of an old temple within a walled garden, around which flows the modern life of a great city, where rages a conflict between two civilisations, that of Asia, and the other, largely commercial, imported from the West"; but it still has "its priests, the actors, and goes triumphantly on its way." Custom is as insistent as the beat of the drum, the wail of the flute, and the twang of the samisen. Many a player, descendant of a long line of regulation-ridden "Riverside Beggars," would shave his head and retire rather than welcome change. Kabuki is at the cross-roads; but at present its face is turned to the East. The Great War, indeed, brought about a revival of the native. "Faith in the West was rudely shattered, and the people swung back to their own institutions with a new zest and enthusiasm."

Meanwhile, there has been the Frock-coat Era. Numerous attempts have been made to import Western practice. Most have ended speedily; some have lingered and left their influence; none has wholly succeeded. Morita Kanya "tried what he called a night shibai, in imitation of the Western theatre, but this the playgoers did not like, and considered they had been cheated, having been so accustomed to the long, peaceful, all-day régime." Shimpa, the New School, started by "the beautiful geisha, Sada Yakko, and her political-agitator husband, Kawakami Otojirô," failed with its melodramas, its plays of politics, the law-courts, war, love and murder, its dramatisations of serial stories, its strange

versions of Occidental life, with nightmares of costumes, and atrocious furnishings, its "Hamlet"—with the Prince of Denmark on a bicycle. Professors, enthusiastic for progress, saw to it that Shakespeare was presented; with "The Doll's House," "Magda," "The Man of Destiny," "You Never Can Tell," and many other foreign plays; and interest was ephemeral. Most astonishing innovation of all, actresses appeared for the first time since the prohibition of the women's stage in 1629. A most significant fact, this: followed by another! "During the first years of the new experiment the actresses played freely and frequently with the actors, but now there is a separation, the female company performing at stated periods

and a fish jumps before the eyes of the audience. . . . The pendent branches of the weeping willow are suddenly agitated by the Kurombo in anticipation of some ghostly event, or he squats down behind a clump of grass making it shiver to reveal the concealment place of some desperate character about to come forth. What magic he effects by the means of his long pliable rod! At one time butterflies flutter from the end, or a white moth is suspended over the face of a sleeping man near a white paper lantern, awakening him in time that he may protect himself from danger. . . . Always on the alert, he watches for sliding screens that do not open, or gates that are about to topple over, and holds up a curtain that a dead man may disappear, since he is no longer needed on the stage. By a dexterous touch behind, he changes the neutral costume of an actor to one all gold and silver, or gives the right tug that brings the long hair of the distraught heroine all dishevelled about her."

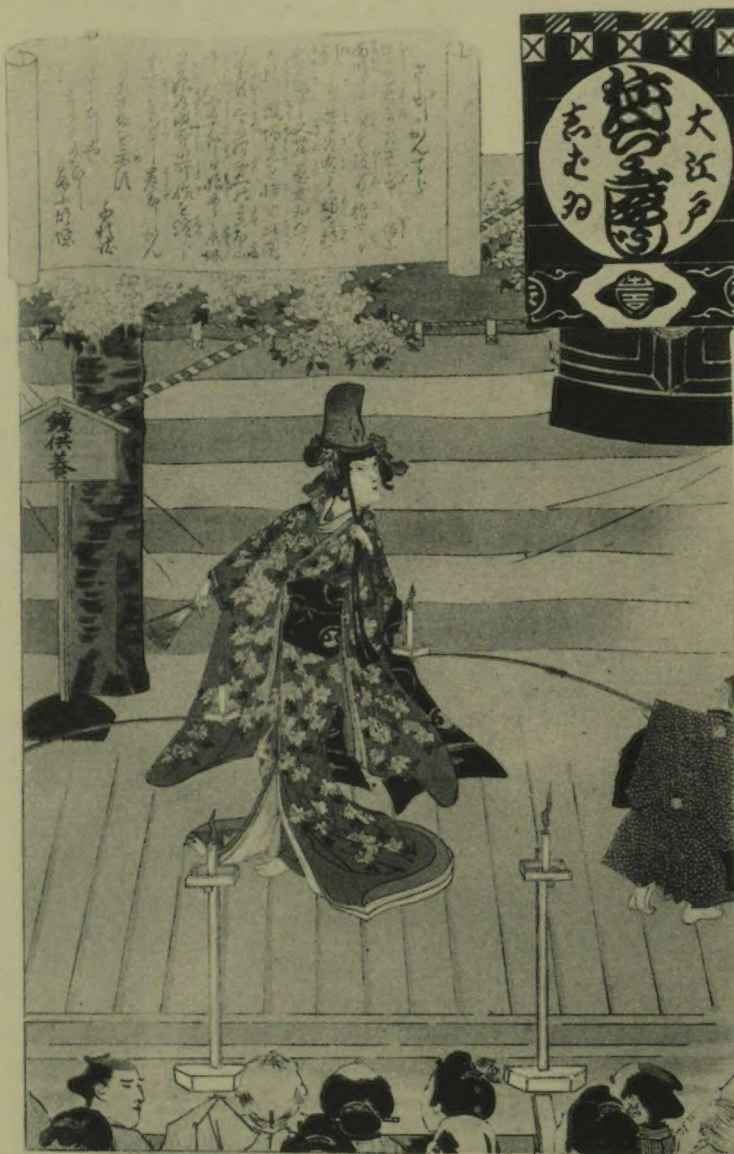
As characteristic are the methods of the actors themselves—whether they be playing men or, being onnagata, specialists in feminine rôles, mimicking the ways of women; whether they be ranked as "head-of-all-acting," "without-rival," "best-best-good," "truest-best-best-good," "great-best-best-good," "little-best-best-good," "best-best-good," or lower. The Masters are followed studiously. The modern make-up does not always conform to the old, but when it does it is a fearsome thing: "Dead white, with broad black eyebrows, and touches of red to eyes and corners of the mouth, has long been the accepted stage mask for samurai, or persons of high degree. White also forms the established make-up for women. Villains are generally made up with red faces, country people are tanned brown by the sun, and comedians paint their faces with red, white, and blue." And there are elaborate designs for the face (to-make-border). "Brave men who have fought a good fight and lost confront their enemies with an expression of retaliation, broad red lines around the eyes, nose, and chin, with red forks over the forehead." Fit accompaniment, such efforts, for those who emulate the non-realist Ichikawa Danjuro, who invented the rough style, setting it up against the plays dealing with the effeminate and luxurious life of the gay quarters, and shook the porcelain in adjoining shops when he was the warrior bold; and even, in a measure, for the realists who swear by Sakata Tojuro, who believed in the naturalistic and said: "The art of an actor is like a beggar's bag, and must contain everything, whether it is important or not. If there is anything not wanted for immediate use keep it for a future occasion. An actor should even learn how to pick pockets."

And equally fitted to scenery that is largely suggestion; the "flower ways" which are paths from the revolving stage through the auditorium and are invaluable for processions and for special exits and entrances; interpretative music; apparitions and air-riding; the velvet horse "supported underneath by two minor actors who specialise in supplying legs to make-believe steeds"; and "stepping in imaginary waves, washing the feet in water that does not exist; cooking food without fire; drinking tea from empty cups; blows that do not touch; cold steel that does not clash."

Altogether, a stage rejoicing in its conservatism, a stage that has passed through much tribulation, much persecution, and has retained its individuality, its time-hallowed ceremonies, its peculiarities of presentation, declamation, movement and gesture, posture and dance.

Of it, the author of "Kabuki" has made a most valuable, most engrossing book, a work of knowledge and sympathy which gives to the West an understanding of the East, and especially a taste of the actor's own "bean soup," his "shop." Like the Japanese theatre's spokesman, she can ask patronage for ten thousand years—to the end of time—but she is better assured than he that the success attained "cannot be expressed by a writing-brush."

E. H. G.



FACE-LIGHTS FOR THE OLD-TIME ACTOR: PROPERTY-MEN HOLDING CANDLES ON THE ENDS OF PLIANT RODS—AS "SPOT LIGHTS."

"When the theatre became dark, it was necessary to illumine the actor's face with candle-light. Here property-men are holding out candles on the ends of pliant rods that the face of the dancer may be seen, and candles form the foot-lights."

Reproduced from "Kabuki," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

during the year, supported by several of the young, progressive actors, and occasionally honoured by the assistance of one of the stars of first magnitude. The audiences prefer to see the actors performing in their own masterpieces, and the actresses in new pieces."

The call of convention is, indeed, strong—and the popular theatre of Japan is a complication of conventions handed down from father to son or favourite pupil. It does not aim at living photography—far from it: there was much truth in "The Yellow Jacket."

Recalling that picturesque enterprise, remember the "invisible" property-man. He was of Japan. "Concealed from head to foot in black, the face covered by a flap, which he seldom raises except in an emergency, the Kurombo (lit., black-man) serves the stage unselfishly. . . . A queer profession it seems, to flit about the stage so unobtrusively that the audience is not aware of his presence; yet always engaged in making inanimate objects significant. He holds a piece of silver paper on the end of a long pole,

* "Kabuki: The Popular Stage of Japan." By Zoë Kincaid. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co.: 42s. net.)

DOMINATED BY MEN: THE POPULAR STAGE OF JAPAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "KABUKI: THE POPULAR STAGE OF JAPAN," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



AN INHERITED CONVENTIONAL MAKE-UP: ONOE KIKUGORO THE SIXTH AS A MAID TRANSFORMED INTO A WHITE FOX.



A JAPANESE MADE-UP AS AN AMERICAN: MATSUMOTO KOSHIRO AS TOWNSEND HARRIS, FIRST AMERICAN MINISTER TO JAPAN.

Conventionalised make-ups are a feature of the Japanese popular stage, and the traditions of these make-ups have been inherited, handed down from father to son, or to favourite pupil, for generations. Further mention of this is in the article opposite.—Various attempts have been made to introduce Western plays and Western manners and customs to the Japanese stage. Most have been failures, although some have left their mark on production and acting.—The Popular

(Continued below.)



WORKED BY TWO MINOR ACTORS: THE WHITE-VELVET STAGE HORSE OF THE JAPANESE POPULAR STAGE—WITH ONOE KIKUGORO AS A SAMURAI WOMAN.



SHOWING THE "BAT" BIRTH-MARK ON THE CHEEK OF A "BOLD, BAD MAN": ONOE MATSUSUKE AS KOMORI YASU.



A LEADING ACTOR AS THE YOUNG PRINCESS, IN "TWENTY-FOUR FILIAL PERSONS": NAKAMURA UTAYEMON.



AN ART WHICH HAS HAD GREAT INFLUENCE ON KABUKI, THE POPULAR THEATRE: MARIONETTES AND DOLL-HANDLERS, AT OSAKA.



ON THE POPULAR STAGE THAT IS WITHOUT ACTRESSES: AN ACTOR IN AN ONNAGATA PART.



THE ACTRESS REAPPEARS IN JAPAN: RITSU-KO MORI, THE LEADING ACTRESS OF THE TOKYO STAGE.

Continued.]

Theatre of Japan has no actresses. The women's parts are played by actors who specialise in such parts, and are known as Onnagata. The prohibition of mixed casts took effect in 1629, and was only broken in 1911, by the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo. In this connection it is interesting to note that during the first few years after the opening of this theatre, actresses played freely and frequently with actors,

but there is now a separation. The female company performs at certain periods of the year, supported by a few young, progressive actors and only very occasionally aided by a male star. The audiences prefer to see the actors in their own masterpieces and the actresses in new pieces.—Ritsu-ko Mori is highly educated, and her father was a member of the Imperial Diet.

A DISCOVERY AS WONDERFUL AS THAT OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

PROF. D. K. ABSOLON'S NEW REVELATION OF PREHISTORIC CULTURE 20,000 YEARS AGO.

A Prologue by SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S.

It is my privilege to write a prologue to a wonderful drama of prehistory which the enterprising management of *The Illustrated London News* has secured for its readers. This drama is to have

the time of Tutankhamen. Dr. Absolon is of opinion that the people and the civilisation he is to describe are twice as old as I have said. Of one thing there can be no doubt: his community of ancient hunters was alive when Glacial conditions prevailed throughout Europe, in all save its southern parts, and when the people of Moravia—in the same latitude as Northern France—lived by hunting the mammoth, the musk ox, the reindeer, the cave bear, and carved their daggers from bones (ulnæ) cut from the fore-limb of the lion. Nor is there any doubt that these ancient hunters of Moravia participated in a culture or manner of living which was prevalent for a long period throughout the central and southern parts of Europe, and which spread into England—the culture and period known as Aurignacian. I am one of those who are penurious about time, and cut estimates down to their lowest limits. Even when all deductions are made, we must suppose that the Aurignacian culture appeared in Europe about 20,000 B.C., and came to an end about 15,000 B.C.

Never before has so complete a revelation been made of the manner of life led by our forefathers during the Ice Age. In describing their stone implements, Dr. Absolon has tens of thousands at his disposal from which to make a selection. The sites on which this community lived and made its hearths abound with the bones and teeth of the mammoth. There was a pile of thirteen tusks, stored for future use; there was a heap of the skulls of wolves, broken open so that their brains might be extracted; everywhere there were bones split open for their marrow. Finished weapons worked in bone and in ivory occur in great numbers; there is an infinite variety of bone utensils and implements for domestic use. They were high artists, those ancient hunters of Central

home of the mammoth-hunters takes a train from Vienna, which passes northwards along the plains of the March—a tributary of the Danube—until Prerau is reached, 100 miles from Vienna. At

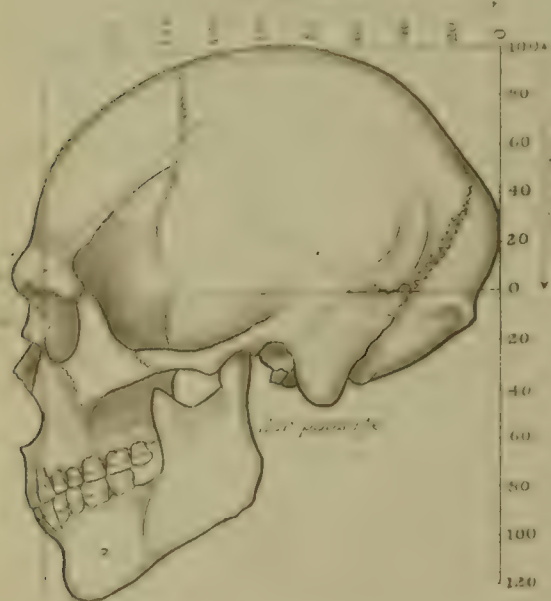


FIG. 1.—LONGER THAN THE AVERAGE ENGLISH SKULL: THE SKULL OF THE MOST ROBUST OF THE ANCIENT MEN OF PREDMOST (PROFILE).

The large dimensions of its brain-containing part are brought out by the framework, within which the skull of an average modern Englishman fits easily. The supra-orbital ridges are prominent, but of true European type.

its setting in the very centre of Europe—in the old province of Moravia—now included in Czecho-Slovakia. The chief narrator is to be Dr. D. K. Absolon, the Curator of the Government Museum in Brünn, the capital town of Moravia—the man who has had most to do with putting the facts of the story together. The drama—or series of discoveries—he is to place before the reader is as rich in surprise and as illuminating in its various scenes as that which was unfolded two years ago in the Valley of the Kings by the discovery of the Tomb of Tutankhamen. In the hands of Mr. Howard Carter that tomb has become a treasury of history; the splendour and perfection of its contents have given a most vivid and intimate picture of the life led in the valley of the Nile fully thirteen centuries before the birth of Christ. The story to be unfolded in these pages is infinitely older. It takes us back at least 15,000 years beyond



FIG. 3.—OF GREAT DIMENSIONS: THE SKULL OF A WOMAN FROM THE TOMB AT PREDMOST (PROFILE). The skull is placed within a standard frame to show its great dimensions. Her face had regular features, but is overshadowed by the size of the brain-case.—[Drawn by Mr. E. Smith.]

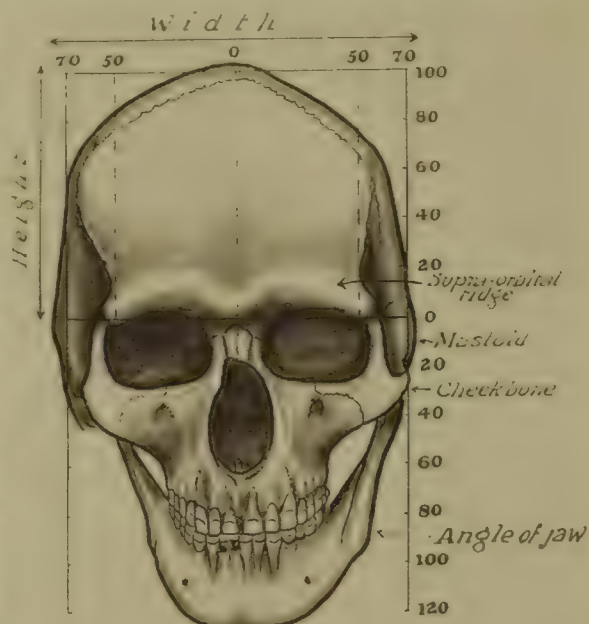


FIG. 2.—“MODERN” IN JAWS AND CHEEK-BONES: THE SAME SKULL (AS IN FIG. 1) SEEN IN FULL-FACE AND DRAWN ON THE SAME PLANE.

The orbits are wide, but the jaws and cheek-bones do not differ from those of modern man. The asymmetry is due to pressure by the stones and earth of the grave.

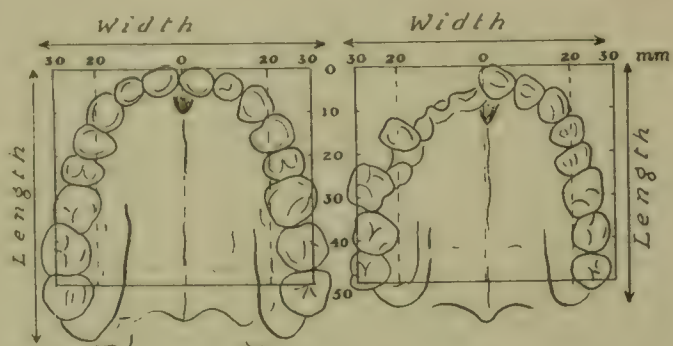


FIG. 5.—LARGER THAN THOSE OF THE AVERAGE MODERN ENGLISH MAN AND WOMAN: THE PALATES OF A PREDMOST HUNTER (LEFT) AND A PREDMOST WOMAN (RIGHT).

The roof of the mouth, or hard palate, of the Predmost hunter has an area of 33 cm. (8 cm. more than in the average modern Englishman), and is longer and wider than the framework designed to take an average English palate. The numbers indicate millimetres. The area of the woman's palate is 2 cm. larger than that of the average modern Englishwoman.

Europe: scores of Dr. Absolon's photographs of their carvings and engravings, of their works of art and of their ornaments, of their idols, toys, and playthings, will be reproduced in these pages.

Best of all, from my point of view, we know what sort of men, women, and children they were who lived in Moravia so long ago. Thanks to Dr. Absolon, the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England was able to acquire accurate casts of the skulls of two members of this ancient community—one of a man, the other of a woman; and also casts taken from the interior of these skulls, showing in clear detail the brains which guided their owners through the intricacies and dangers of life in these remote times. My interest in these skulls was aroused when I found, primitive and robust as the cranial features of these people were, that in the strictest sense of the term they were true Europeans. They show us the features possessed by our forefathers when they first appeared in Europe. Nothing is more probable than that the blood of some of them is still flowing in living veins—particularly in the veins of men who now live in the northern and western parts of Europe. After all, 800 generations will carry the ancestry of any one of us as far back as the Aurignacian period.

By way of introduction to Dr. Absolon's account of the civilisation of these ancient hunters, I am here to give a description of what sort of men and women were our forerunners in Europe.

The traveller who wishes to visit the picturesque

Prerau the train leaves the Moravian plains to enter a pass leading northwards to the flat lands of Silesia and Poland. At the southern end of this pass, two miles distant from Prerau, is situated the small village of Predmost. Behind the village a cliff-like mass of limestone rock lifts its head fully 100 ft. above the village. It was at the foot of this cliff, or rock-shelter, which looks southwards from its valley on to the Moravian plain, that the ancient community of mammoth-hunters took up its abode. Round the foot of the cliff, and extending far away on the flatter land of the valley, are immense deposits of a fine silt, or earth, known as *loess*, the debris produced during periods of glaciation. At the foot of the cliff the loess has a total thickness, or depth, of 65 ft. As far back as the sixteenth century, mammoth bones were found in the loess deposits at the foot of the rock-shelter.

As was usual then

such bones were ascribed to the giants of early times. No real exploration of the site was made until forty-one years ago, when Professor Maska began to dig in the deposits at the foot of the cliff. When he had dug down to 6½ ft., in some instances, and to 13 ft. in others, he found a stratum in which mammoth bones, bearing the marks of man, occurred in

(Continued on p. 850.)

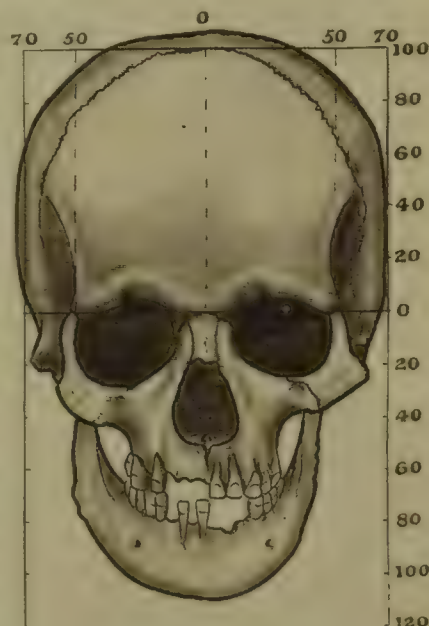


FIG. 4.—WITH REGULAR FEATURES THE SKULL OF THE SAME WOMAN (AS IN FIG. 3) DRAWN IN FULL-FACE.

Her forehead was wide and high, and her features regular, though her nose was wide and cheek-bones rather prominent.—[Drawn by Mr. E. Smith.]

NEW LIGHT FROM THE GREATEST TREASURE-HOUSE OF ANCIENT MAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWING BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE, CURATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT MUSEUM AT BRNO (BRUNN)
AND DISCOVERER OF THE PREDMOST REMAINS.



THE SCENE OF THE GREAT DISCOVERY: CUTTINGS IN THE LOESS BEDS SHOWING (1 AND 2) BRICKYARDS OF MR. C. PRIKRYL (3), WHOSE UNDERTAKING MADE IT POSSIBLE.



SHOWING THE KULNA CAVERN (NEAR CENTRE BACKGROUND), AN IMPORTANT CAVE SHELTER OF PREHISTORIC MAN: THE VALLEY OF SLOUP.



SHOWING THE STRATA WHERE MAMMOTH BONES WERE FOUND: THE PRINCIPAL TRENCH, WITH PREDMOST CHURCH (RIGHT BACKGROUND) AND THE TOWN OF PRERAU (CENTRE DISTANCE).



WHERE MOUSTERIAN, AURIGNACIAN, AND MAGDALENIAN STRATA LIE ONE ABOVE THE OTHER: THE INTERIOR OF THE KULNA CAVERN SEEN IN THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH.



WALLED BY PALISADES OF MAMMOTH SHOULDER-BLADES AND JAWBONES, AND ORIGINALLY COVERED WITH A LAYER OF STONES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST WOLF AND HYÆNA: THE GREAT PREHISTORIC "FAMILY TOMB" FOUND DEEP DOWN IN LOESS DEPOSITS AT PREDMOST, AND CONTAINING TWENTY HUMAN SKELETONS.

The scene of Professor Absolon's great discoveries, at the village of Predmost, near Přerou, a hundred miles north of Vienna, is described in the introductory article on the opposite page. The relics of the prehistoric mammoth-hunters of the Ice Age have been unearthed from cuttings in the vast loess deposits which reach a depth of 65 ft. Loess contains earth useful for bricks, and it was the trenching work of a brick-making company that made possible these unparalleled excavations. "Dr. Absolon's photographs," we read, "will give the reader some conception of the extent of this treasure-house of ancient man. . . . The ancient hunting station at Predmost is the most remarkable and extensive so far discovered

in the world." No adequate account has ever been published before of the great "family tomb" shown in the above drawing. "It contained," we are told, "the remains of twenty individuals—twelve adults . . . eight children. With the remains of one child lay a beautiful necklace. . . . It was a remarkable tomb—oval or boat-like in shape, 13 ft. long and 7½ ft. wide. One side had its wall formed by the shoulder-blades of the mammoth, set upright and forming a row or palisade; the opposite side . . . by a row of lower jaws. . . . Covering the human remains was a layer of stones—clearly a protection against wolf and hyæna. All was sealed deeply down in the loess."

THE 20,000-YEARS-OLD PREDMOST SKULLS COMPARED WITH MODERN SKULLS.

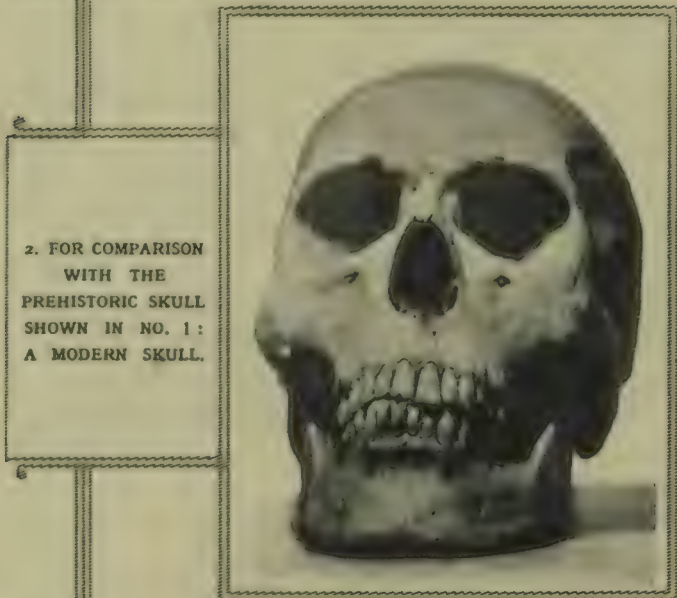
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE, CURATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT MUSEUM AT BRNO (BRUNN), AND DISCOVERER OF THE PREDMOST REMAINS.



1. WITH PROMINENT BROW-RIDGES AND AN ASPECT OF BRUTALITY: A PREHISTORIC SKULL FROM PREDMOST.



5. "LARGE-HEADED AND BIG-BRAINED": A PREHISTORIC SKULL FOUND AT PREDMOST.

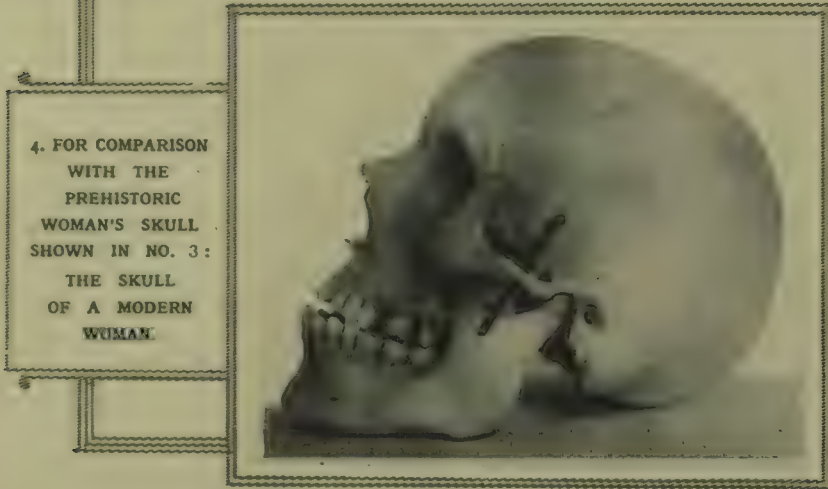


2. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PREHISTORIC SKULL SHOWN IN NO. 1: A MODERN SKULL.

6. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PREHISTORIC SKULL SHOWN IN NO. 5: A RECENT CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN SKULL.



3. A PREHISTORIC SKULL OF AN ADULT WOMAN AGED ABOUT THIRTY, FOUND AT PREDMOST.



4. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PREHISTORIC WOMAN'S SKULL SHOWN IN NO. 3: THE SKULL OF A MODERN WOMAN.



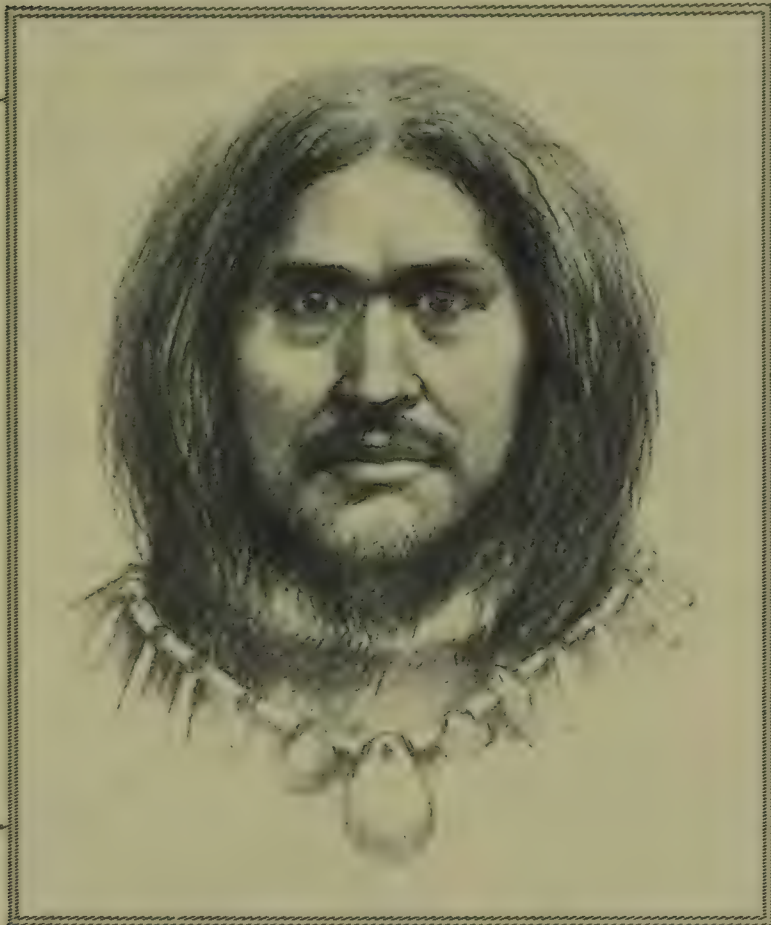
7. "ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE AND BEST-PRESERVED DILUVIAL SKELETONS IN THE WORLD": ONE OF A MAN AGED ABOUT FORTY, FROM PREDMOST—(LEFT) SEEN FROM ABOVE; (RIGHT) SIDE VIEW.

"They were large-headed and big-brained people, these ancient hunters of Moravia," we are told in the introductory article (on page 848) describing Professor Absolon's remarkable discoveries; and in reference to one of the drawings of the skulls (Fig. 1 on that page) we read: "It will be seen that, as regards length, the skull of the ancient hunter . . . is fully half an inch longer than the average English skull. The excess in length is largely due to the great development of the bony ridges over the orbits. The vault of the skull rises somewhat higher than in English skulls, and its width is also greater, being 146 mm. The width is 72 per cent. of the total length—

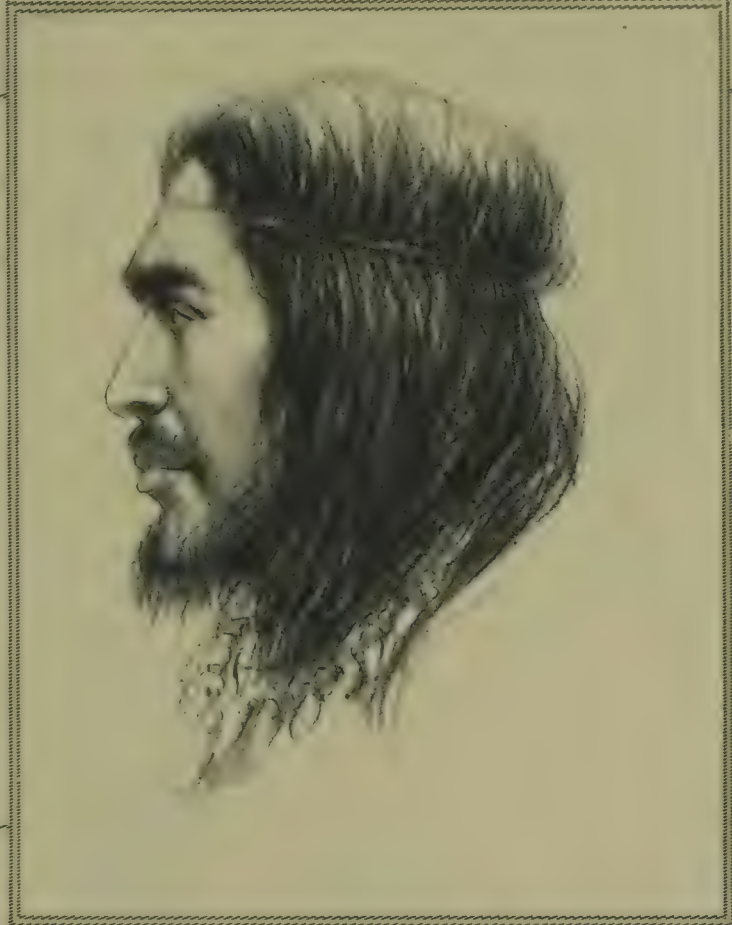
showing us we are dealing with a race of long-headed, or dolicho-cephalic people. The brain-containing capacity of the skull is 1578 cubic centimetres—100 cc. above the average for modern Englishmen. . . . We need not wonder at the big-brainedness of these ancient hunters when we look at their handiwork, and realise the difficult and dangerous problems they had to solve. . . . We have only to look at the skull of one of the Predmost women to realise that we are dealing with people of a true European type. A duplicate of the woman's skull might easily be found amongst the living inhabitants of Scandinavia and of Britain."

PORTRAIT RECONSTRUCTIONS OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE EUROPEAN.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR D. K. ABSOLON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE, DISCOVERER OF THE PREDMOST REMAINS.



"A TRUE EUROPEAN, BUT ONE OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE YET DISCOVERED": A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING FROM A PREHISTORIC SKULL, 20,000 YEARS OLD, FOUND AT PREDMOST.



"THE PECULIARITY OF THIS ANCIENT HUNTER'S FACE LIES IN THE EXTENT OF ITS FORWARD PROJECTION": A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING IN PROFILE FROM THE SAME SKULL.



"HER FACE WAS REGULARLY FORMED; IT SHOWS NONE OF THE ROBUST AND PRIMITIVE FEATURES SEEN IN THE MAN'S": A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF A PREDMOST WOMAN.



"THE MALE HAS BEEN AWARDED THE BRUTAL FEATURES . . . WOMAN'S FEATURES POINT THE DIRECTION IN WHICH EVOLUTION MOVES": THE PREDMOST WOMAN IN PROFILE.

In these reconstruction drawings from prehistoric skulls found at Predmost, the scene of Professor Absolon's great discoveries, Mr. Forestier shows what manner of men and women they probably were who dwelt in that part of Moravia 20,000 years ago. In his introductory appreciation on page 848 Sir Arthur Keith says: "My interest in these skulls was aroused when I found, primitive and robust as the cranial features of these people were, that in the strictest sense of the term they were true Europeans. They show us the features possessed by our forefathers when they first appeared in Europe. Nothing is more probable than that the blood of some of them is still flowing

in the veins of men who now live in the northern and western parts of Europe. . . . The peculiarity of this ancient hunter's face lies in the extent of its forward projection . . . yet, owing to the forward position of the forehead, there is no evident muzzle—no prognathism or projection of the jaws. . . . This woman's skull is almost half an inch longer than that of the average modern Englishwoman. . . . Her face was regularly formed; it shows none of the robust and primitive features seen in the man's face. . . . The male has been awarded the brutal features and the fighting spirit. . . . Woman's features point the direction in which evolution moves."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A STRANGE THEATRICAL INDUSTRY—NOW DEFUNCT.

NOW that the Literary Convention protects literary property in most civilised States, and that the copyright arrangements with America are also—more or less—satisfactory, the tale may be told of a strange industry that ceased to exist not so many years ago. It was the pilfering of plays by shorthand or memory for the purpose of exportation. It was not an easy job, at any rate, to do it by shorthand, for as soon as managers discovered that there was leakage of their plays, particularly in America, where English works were often produced (nobody guessed how, since no contract had been passed or manuscript sent over), they became alert. How was it done? Who was able to transmit a play across the ocean a few days after a London production, when there was no manipulation of manuscript and every copy, carefully ear-marked, was kept under lock and key?

Then one day, at a first night, an attendant in a London theatre now no longer existing (it was Terry's in the Strand) saw a lady in the upper circle scribbling away for dear life. Suspecting nothing, he said to himself—"A busy critic" and thought no more of the matter. But the day after, and the next day after that, he saw the same lady busy-bee-ing in the same way. Now that was funny, he thought, and casually he mentioned the matter to the acting manager, a very astute man, who at once smelt a rat. So on the fourth day they kept watch, and lo and behold! there was the mysterious "lady journalist" again in the same place. During the first and second act she did nothing in particular except make a few notes. There was nothing in that: it is not only the critic who writes down comments; some ardent playgoers do it too, either because they wish to practise their critical faculty, or because they like to annotate their programmes for later reference, for many playgoers collect programmes as others collect stamps and coins. But when the third act started, the lady wrote breathlessly, furiously; the leaves literally flew backwards on her block-note—she wrote and she wrote until the curtain fell. Then the acting manager knew. He invited her most politely to step into his office, where he cross-examined her and confiscated her precious scribbles. She had written down, in shorthand, the whole of the act; neither a cue nor a repartee was missing; she had it all there ready for some agent abroad, who would be able to transfer the play's text lock, stock, and barrel.

Something about the strange affair appeared in the paper, but there the matter ended. It was doubtful whether there was a good legal case for prosecution—perhaps the criminal code did not provide for this particular form of larceny, and to create a precedent might have been costly. The lady—it did not transpire who she was—went scot-free and disappeared. If she had imitators they must have taken warning—the practice ceased, at any rate, in this ingenious way. Now and again plays still found their way out of England in defiance of copyright and commercial morality, but then it was probably due to an act of indiscretion of somebody who got hold of an MS. and copied it, or to a common or garden theft of the former. But, thanks to the Literary Convention, the industry in this country came practically to an end, and was confined to pilferings of songs and revue-scenes, and that but rarely.

Meanwhile, in a Continental country which joined

the Convention not so very long ago, flourished another method of laying hold of plays without paying fees. French works, much in demand at the time, suddenly cropped up very soon after their original

country there were long-headed managers who foresaw that sooner or later it would enter the Convention, and that it would be policy, in anticipation, to keep on good terms with the Société des Auteurs in Paris—the almighty guardian of French dramatists that watches their rights like Cerberus. (By the way, a Belgian music-hall proprietor once told me that he was charged 10 centimes per performance for a little music-hall ditty which he had performed in his *café chantant*, and the amount was duly collected too!)

Well, these managers above referred to, whenever there was a Boulevard success, went to Paris and paid a goodly sum for the so-called courtesy-rights of the new play, and put it on helter-skelter. But what was their experience on more than one occasion? No sooner did they announce their acquisition and the forthcoming production of the latest *article de Paris*, than a smaller rival trumpeted with the same news. How on earth was it done?—for of course the Société des Auteurs would never lend its hand to a game of duplicity, and manuscripts of French plays—unless they were printed, and thereby "common domain"—were safely deposited at the head office. It was a strange puzzle, and not for a long time could the key to the mystery be discovered.

But one day, when a manager was at the Variétés to see the new play in vogue, and for which he had paid handsomely, he met a young actor of his own country in the foyer. "Hallo," he said, "what brings you to Paris?" "A little round of plays and pleasure," said the other, and, after a few banal remarks on the immense success of the play, they parted. Next day the rightful owner was again in the theatre. The young actor was there too. This time they did not meet, nor the next, but the manager saw the actor in the selfsame place as before. That prompted him to prolong his stay. "He is here for some hidden purpose," he said to himself. "How long is this going to last?" It lasted seven days; then a stranger occupied the seat in the amphitheatre, and the manager saw him no more.

When he arrived home in his own country, he found the walls of his city plastered with big bills announcing the play—the very play for which he had paid—by a rival firm. He was forestalled, and as a good sportsman he grinned and bore it. The same two productions were run simultaneously by two different companies; both earned a rich harvest, and that poured oil on the troubled waters of competition. The two managers met accidentally at a certain Café des Artistes where the profession often foregathers after the performance.

"Now that we have both done well," said the one who had paid for the play to the other who had annexed it, "how did you get it?"

"Nothing is simpler than that," was the reply, "and, as you are not only a competitor but a friend, I will tell you. You know young So-and-So"—naming the young actor whom the manager had met at the Variétés. "He is a capital chap; has a memory like a store-house. I sent him to Paris for a week and he came back with the whole—yes, every line of the play in his head." Tableau!

And so things went on till the Convention established law and order in that part of the World of the Theatre.



HOLDING THE DEAD BIRD THAT BECAME A SYMBOL OF HER OWN FATE: NINA (MISS VALERIE TAYLOR) IN ANTON TCHECHOV'S PLAY, "THE SEA-GULL," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

production in Paris, and the French authors never received a *sou* for their pains. Legally, there was no remedy: where there is no copyright agreement there is no literary property. But in that



THE PLAY SCENE IN "THE SEA-GULL," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: NINA APPEARS IN THE PLAY WRITTEN BY HER LOVER, KONSTANTIN (MR. JOHN GIELGUD, STANDING ON RIGHT), BEFORE A PRIVATE AUDIENCE IN HIS UNCLE'S GROUNDS, INCLUDING A FAMOUS AUTHOR, TRICORIN (MR. RANDOLPH McLEOD, STANDING ON LEFT), WITH WHOM SHE BECOMES INFATUATED.

"The Sea-Gull" (a translation from the Russian of Anton Tchekhov), though described on the programme as "a comedy," presents three lives wrecked by unhappy love, several illicit "affairs," and a suicide. The play is fascinating and finely acted. Seated third from left in the above group is Miss Miriam Lewes as Irina Arkadin, a famous actress and mother of Konstantin, whom she neglects and humiliates. The play scene breaks up when he resents her scoffing remarks. Nina, the young girl he loves, rejects his devotion and becomes infatuated with the popular novelist with whom Irina is living.—[Photographs by Lenarc.]

THE MOST POPULAR "THE LAST OF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

PLAY OF THE MONTH: MRS. CHEYNEY."

STAGE PHOTO. CO.



THE "CROOKS," BROUGHT TO BOOK, ESCAPE THROUGH A COMPROMISING LETTER: A HOUSE-PARTY TRIBUNAL—SHOWING (IN CENTRE, STANDING) CHARLES, THE BUTLER (MR. RONALD SQUIRE), AND MRS. CHEYNEY (MISS GLADYS COOPER), AND (SEATED AT TABLE, L. TO R.) MRS. EBLEY, THE HOSTESS (DAME MAY WHITTY), LADY FRINTON (MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS), LORD ELTON (MR. DAWSON MILWARD), AND LORD DILLING (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER).



THE BEAUTIFUL BURGLAR WHO IS BY NO MEANS A "CAT": MISS GLADYS COOPER AS MRS. CHEYNEY.



THE BEDROOM SCENE: THE FAIR BURGLAR, CAUGHT BY THE AMOROUS PEER, REJECTS HIS TERMS OF RELEASE (MISS GLADYS COOPER AND SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.)




THE DISCOVERY OF THE BURGLARY PLOT: LORD DILLING (SIR GERALD DU MAURIER) FINDS A LETTER FROM CHARLES TO MRS. CHEYNEY.




THE REVELATION OF MRS. CHEYNEY'S "CROOKEDNESS": THE SERVANTS MAKE FREE IN HER DRAWING-ROOM AFTER THE GUESTS HAVE GONE—(L. TO R.) CHARLES, THE BUTLER (MR. RONALD SQUIRE), AND MRS. CHEYNEY (MISS GLADYS COOPER), WITH THE FOOTMEN AND THE CHAUFFEUR (MR. GUY FLETCHER, MR. E. H. PATTERSON, AND MR. FRANK LAWTON).

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's "crook" comedy, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," has proved to be easily the most popular play of the month, largely through the inclusion, in a brilliant cast, of two "stars" of the first magnitude, Miss Gladys Cooper and Sir Gerald du Maurier. Mrs. Cheyney is a Society beauty who, at the end of the first act, is revealed as a "crook" in league with a gang of jewel thieves posing as her servants. Her charms have attracted two peers, Lord Dilling and Lord Elton, whom she meets next at Mrs. Ebley's country house. Lord Dilling discovers a letter to Mrs. Cheyney from her "butler," Charles, indicating a plot to steal a certain lady's pearls. He exchanges bedrooms with

the lady and catches the fair burglar, who virtuously rejects the terms on which he offers to refrain from exposing her. She prefers to summon the household, and, when he chivalrously attempts to screen her, confesses her attempted theft. Next morning the house party sits in judgment on the "crooks," whereupon Lord Elton explains that he has written to Mrs. Cheyney a letter containing scurrilous allusions to his fellow guests, which, if it came out, would cover them all with ridicule and involve them in social ostracism. In gratitude for her having destroyed it, all is forgiven, and the last of Mrs. Cheyney is an invitation to change her name to that of Lady Dilling.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



UN-ECONOMIC ZOOLOGY.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE twice this month been asked by readers of this page to say something about the deplorable results of slaughtering birds and beasts for supposed economic purposes, on evidence which had no existence in fact, and sometimes to attain most unworthy ends. One of these requests came to me from New Zealand, the other from Australia. This is a theme on which I have more than once touched during the last few years on this page. It is perhaps on this account that I am asked to refer once again to the subject; and I do this the more readily because what I have to say concerns not merely New Zealand and Australia, but our homeland as well.

As a case in point, I read but this evening an article about birds in relation to fishing, wherein it was stated that the little dabchick, which is such a delight to watch during the summer months on the Thames, "is too fond of fish-spawn to be popular." That is to say, it is looked on with disfavour by Thames fishermen. I do not know whether this is really the case, but I should very much like to know on what evidence the charge is made. How many times has fish-spawn been found in the stomach of the dabchick? And by whom? And what fish are thus attacked? Expert examination of the stomachs of these birds has shown that they feed on fish, particularly sticklebacks (only very young fishermen, I believe, are given to the sport of angling for this fish), water-snails of various species (one of which is respon-

these stripes, and the evolution of a monochrome coloration. What is the meaning of these stripes? What purpose do they serve? And why should this degradation of the stripes take place? So long as these birds are afforded reasonable protection, there is always the opportunity for those who prefer studying live birds to killing them to solve this problem—and in solving this, in regard to these particular birds, they will solve a great deal more. Again, the great crested grebe, in place of loading its gizzard with stones for digestive purposes, uses instead its own feathers! The dabchick also behaves in like manner, but, besides, it also swallows stones, like all other birds which have to digest insect and vegetable matter. Why should there be this difference? Again the clue to the mystery is only to be solved by the study of the living bird.

I could add vastly more to the number of problems presented by these birds, but I must pass on. And I pass to the cormorant and darter, of New Zealand. A demand has been made for the destruction of these birds, because of the heavy toll they levy on trout-streams. Again we have a summary execution ordered in place of a trial. Cormorants had been seen to eat trout. What more evidence would you have? Mr. Edgar F.

Stead, who is both an ornithologist and a fisherman, wanted a great deal more, and he took the only possible means of obtaining it. He shot a number of these birds and examined their stomachs; and he found that the Acclimatisation Society, which had set a price upon the head of every cormorant slain, was defeating the very end which it had set itself to attain—the recuperation of the declining trout-fishing. Streams which had been well stocked with fish weighing several pounds were now yielding but small and weedy specimens—the cormorants, they said, "had sorted out those of the largest size."

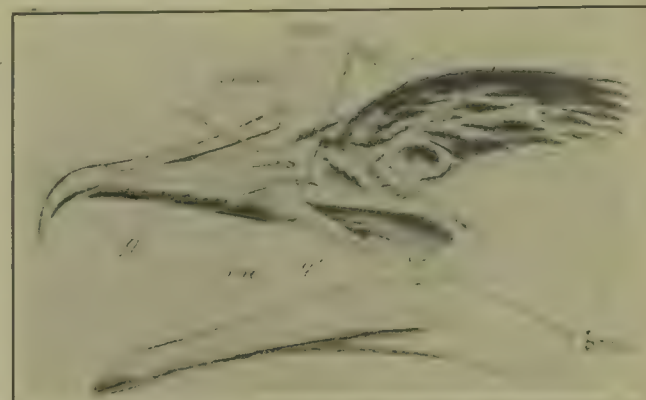
But when Mr. Stead, with one or two other fishermen, came to examine the stomachs of these dreadful birds, he found that their staple diet was not trout, but eels. Spawning-

beds have no worse robbers. Cormorants prefer eels—they "slither" down so easily, and, weight for weight, they are more satisfying. They feed their young on them for the same reason. They fly miles from their breeding grounds, passing over streams where trout are plentiful, to reach streams where eels abound.

In 1907 the North Canterbury Acclimatisation Society, finding that the shooting of the cormorants was accompanied by a decrease in the number of trout in Lake Ellesmere, ceased to pay for heads of these birds. Presently the fish increased both in number and size. Something like 3000 cormorants are now fishing in this lake, and the trout-fishing is no longer a cause of anxiety. Taking their catch at only one eel per bird per day, the number of eels destroyed in the course of a year is well over one million!

That cormorants *do* eat a certain number of trout Mr. Stead readily admits. But he points out that it

is all to the improvement of the fishing. This is shown by many of the streams in Canterbury, where a few years ago there was magnificent fishing, but in the absence of cormorants to keep down their



WRONGFULLY CONDEMNED IN NEW ZEALAND FOR SUPPOSED EXCESSIVE DEPREDACTIONS ON TROUT: THE CORMORANT—ITS HEAD STRUCTURE.

"The cormorant, like the gannet, has no external nostrils, these having been closed by an ingrowth of the external horny sheath off the beak which plugs up the vestigial nasal aperture."

numbers the streams became overstocked. As a result, though there are thousands of trout in the streams, they are all small, three and four-year-old fish not exceeding nine inches in length, simply because there is not sufficient food for so large a head of stock.

To get back to the glorious days of fish running from four to six pounds, the cormorants must be encouraged to return, when, by thinning out the eels on the one hand and the weaker trout on the other, the conditions of life for the survivors will be such as vastly to increase their size.

What has happened in New Zealand has its counterpart in Australia. On the Murray River, and adjacent lakes and swamps, several species of cormorants and darters swarmed. The fishermen, accordingly, to increase their fishing, slaughtered these birds mercilessly, and the fish-supply decreased with the number of the birds. At long last they bethought them to shoot one or two birds and examine their stomachs—and they found them crammed with eels and crabs. Then they examined the river-bed, and found those creatures in myriads, battenning on the fish-spawn!



PROVED IN NEW ZEALAND TO BE THE TROUT-FISHER'S BEST FRIEND, BY CONSUMING EELS, WHICH FEED ON THE SPAWN: A GROUP OF CORMORANTS, IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES.

"These birds after feeding have a habit of coming ashore and sitting with outstretched wings while they digest their meal."

sible for the infection known as liver-rot in sheep), numerous species of water-beetles, the small crustacean known as the "fresh-water shrimp" (*Gammarus*), and the seeds and leaves of water plants. Who will grudge them these? And *where* is the evidence that they eat fish-spawn?

This sort of accusation is on a par with the burning of witches. It is made by the ignorant, and carried into effect by the ignorant, who are wise in their own estimation. But they are poisonously mischievous. If this accusation be taken seriously it may well result in a senseless war on the dabchick, which may spread, so that presently a "pogrom" will be started, with direful results. But some may say, "Would it *really* matter much if this bird were exterminated? It would at least give the benefit of the doubt to the fishes." As to this last point more shall be said presently. Let us, for the moment, ponder one result of the extermination of this delightful bird. To begin with, it is one of the grebe tribe, among the most remarkable of living birds; but I can dwell here upon only two of its peculiarities.

The downy young of the grebes are to be regarded as typically marked by dark, longitudinal stripes on a light ground, a coloration common to young animals of widely different types—fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals all furnish instances of this primitive form of coloration. Yet among our British grebes we find interesting gradations in the disappearance of



FALSELY ACCUSED BY THAMES FISHERMEN OF BEING "TOO FOND OF FISH-SPAWN": THE DABCHICK (UPPER RIGHT)—A NESTLING, WITH NESTLINGS OF THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE (LEFT) AND BLACK-NECKED GREBE (BELOW).

It will take long years to get a like head of these useful cleansers of the stream back to somewhere about their original numbers. Not till then will the fishing improve.

TROPICAL COLOUR IN BRITISH BIRDS: A NATURALIST'S ART.

REPRODUCED FROM VOL. II. OF "BRITISH BIRDS." WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN, F.Z.S. WITH 192 PLATES IN COLOUR (48 IN EACH VOLUME).
BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 871).



"A REGULAR SPRING VISITOR TO THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF ENGLAND," PREVENTED FROM BREEDING HERE BY PERSECUTION: THE HOOPEE.



"A BEAUTIFUL BIRD, REMARKABLE FOR THE GEM-LIKE BRILLIANCE OF ITS PLUMAGE": THE KINGFISHER.



A "TAPPING" BIRD: THE GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER (MALE AND FEMALE); WITH THE WRYNECK (ABOVE), "A SUMMER VISITANT."

Few people in this country realise that some of our native birds, and those that visit us at certain seasons, have plumage of tropical brilliance. The fact is clear from these exquisite colour plates, taken from the second volume of the new edition of Mr. Archibald Thorburn's "British Birds." As with the first volume, we publish a special review by



FIRST RECORDED, IN NORFOLK, BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE: THE ROLLER (LEFT); WITH THE BEE-EATER (RIGHT), "A RARE VISITANT."

Mr. W. P. Pycraft, of the British Museum of Natural History (see page 874). This new edition of Mr. Thorburn's work, which is in four volumes, is not only less costly than the first edition (issued in 1915 and now out of print), but the number of colour-plates has been increased from 80 to 192, each volume containing 48.

THE ANAGLYPH AS GOLF INSTRUCTOR STROKES IN LIVE-LIKE RELIEF.



JELLY IRON SHOT: THE TOP OF THE SWING.

A FULL IRON SHOT: THE FINISH OF THE SWING.

TRAVELLING TOWARDS THE HOLE.

Those of our readers who play golf (and their name is legion) have an opportunity to study the stance and strokes of the well-known professional, George Gadd, who gave the above demonstrations especially for this paper. The anaglyph form renders them far more realistic and instructive than ordinary photographs. The reproductions through the Viewing-Mask.

spectator feels as though watching the living man, so vividly does the figure stand out from the background. (Readers who have not already got an Anaglyph may obtain one by filling up the coupon on page 883, and sending it to the value of 1d. (Irland) or 2½d. (Foreign) to "The Illustrated News" (Anaglyph), 15, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE TROUBLE IN DAMASCUS: THE WORLD'S OLDEST CITY SHELLED.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY P. AND A., DONALD McLEISH, AND H. J. SHEPSTONE. AIR VIEW BY MR. ALAN COBHAM.



FRENCH TREATMENT OF SLAIN BRIGANDS THAT CAUSED MUCH INDIGNATION IN DAMASCUS: ONE OF THE BODIES PARADED ON CAMEL-BACK.



EXPOSED IN THE MARGHI SQUARE AT DAMASCUS, AFTER BEING PARADED THROUGH THE MAIN STREETS ON CAMEL-BACK: "A COUPLE OF DOZEN CORPSES OF BRIGANDS" KILLED BY THE FRENCH IN NEIGHBOURING VILLAGES.



USED AS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN DAMASCUS: AN ANCIENT SARACEN CASTLE THAT IS NOW THE CITADEL — THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY.



WHERE THE PALACE OF AZM AND OTHER FINE BUILDINGS WERE DESTROYED BY THE BOMBARDMENT, BUT THE GREAT MOSQUE ESCAPED: DAMASCUS, FROM THE AIR.



"LAID IN RUINS" BY FRENCH SHELLS: "THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT," WHERE ST. PAUL WAS CONVERTED—SHOWING THE EAST GATE.



WHERE WERE FOUND 12 FRENCH IRREGULARS KILLED IN REPRISAL: THE EAST GATE (LOOKING DOWN THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT).



WHERE SHELLS CAUSED "HAVOC IN EVERY DIRECTION": DAMASCUS—A BUSY CORNER AT THE ENTRANCE TO A GREAT BAZAAR.

The unfortunate events in Syria have aroused much feeling both in France and elsewhere. On October 27 the "Times" published a full account, from its special correspondent at Damascus, of the bombardment of that city and the incidents that led up to it. He ascribed the unrest in Syria mainly to the French difficulties in the Jebel Druse, and also to the treatment of bandits. "About a fortnight ago," he wrote, "the French burned several villages and brought a couple of dozen corpses of brigands to Damascus, where, after parading them on camel-back through the main streets, they exposed them in the Marghi Square. . . . It was intended as a warning (but) merely served to infuriate the populace. . . . Three days later the guard found outside the 'Bab esh Sharki' (Gate of the East) the corpses of twelve Circassians (French irregulars). This was the reply."

Bands of brigands gathered in Damascus, and began looting and firing. On October 18, after sending tanks through the bazaars, firing right and left, the French suddenly began a bombardment of the city that lasted two days and did great damage. "They appeared to believe," says the "Times" writer, "that larger forces were at work than was really the case. . . . The whole area between the Hamidieh Bazaar and the Street called Straight was laid in ruins. . . . Happily the Great Mosque escaped, but not so the beautiful green-and-blue tiled Senaniyeh Mosque. . . . An irreparable loss is the Palace of Azm. It housed the Institut d'Art et Archéologie Musulman. . . . Words fail to describe the spectacle which the ancient and sacred city now presents." General Sarraill stated recently that order had been restored, and no foreigners had suffered injury.

AN APPEAL TO SECURE "THE NOBLEST NATIONAL PLAYGROUND" NEAR LONDON: ASHRIDGE PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR

AND WINIFRED WARD.

GIVEN BY
EDWARD VI. TO
HIS SISTER,
PRINCESS (AFTER-
WARDS QUEEN
ELIZABETH, WHO
HUNTED THERE
DURING THE
REIGN OF QUEEN
MARY:
ASHRIDGE PARK—
A VIEW SHOWING
THE FAMOUS
QUEEN BEECH
(ENCLOSED IN
RAILINGS).



A HISTORIC
HOUSE WHICH,
IT HAS BEEN
SUGGESTED,
MIGHT BE A
NATIONAL GIFT
TO THE PRINCE
OF WALES:
ASHRIDGE PARK,
ORIGINALLY A
MONASTERY,
AND POSSESSING
MANY ROYAL
ASSOCIATIONS.



A HAUNT OF
SACRED MEMORIES
TO THE MEMBERS
OF THE INNS OF
COURT, O.T.C.,
WHO FOUGHT
MIMIC BATTLES
THERE WHILE
TRAINING IN WAR
TIME: ASHRIDGE
PARK—THE BORDER
NEAR LITTLE
GADDESDEM.

THE
RHODODENDRON
GROVE: ONE OF
THE GLORIES OF
ASHRIDGE PARK,
WHICH, AMONG
MANY OTHER
ATTRactions,
AFFORDS SANCTUARY
TO A WONDERFUL
VARIETY OF BIRDS.



Ashridge Park, a beautiful estate near Berkhamsted, in Hertfordshire, including Ivinghoe Beacon, belonged to the late Lord Brownlow, and, owing to the heavy death duties, the trustees found it necessary to sell it. To prevent it going to a commercial syndicate for building, a movement has been set on foot to acquire it for the public and vest it in the National Trust. To this end an anonymous donor made a munificent offer of £20,000, and a subsequent appeal for public subscriptions increased that sum, by October 27, to £32,000. The appeal received the powerful and unprecedented support of a letter to the "Times" signed by the last three Prime Ministers (Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and the Earl of Oxford and Asquith), and an ex-Foreign Secretary, Viscount Grey of Fallodon. "We believe," they said, "that there are few, if any, parks that combine so many features of desirability for public

acquisition as Ashridge. It is within easy reach of London, and has within the last few years come to be visited by a very large number of persons on week-ends and holidays: it is amongst the most richly timbered of parks, and it has adjoining it stretches of downland, with magnificent views." The historical associations of Ashridge and the neighbourhood go back to the time of William the Conqueror. It was at Berkhamsted Castle that he was offered the Crown, and the Black Prince afterwards lived there. Ashridge, originally a monastery, was given by Edward VI. to Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, who hunted in the park. During the war the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps fought mimic battles there while stationed at Berkhamsted. Rear-Admiral Smith-Dorrien has suggested that Ashridge might be given by the Empire to the Prince of Wales, either as a residence, an agricultural college, or a stock-breeding establishment.

HOW THE POLICE HORSE ACQUIRES HIS IMPERTURBABILITY: INURING REMOUNTS TO "ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



TEACHING HORSES TO JUMP, TRAVERSE RAMPS OR STEPS, WALK OVER "BODIES," BACK INTO CROWDS, AND DISREGARD NOISE, RED OBJECTS, AND SUDDEN SALLIES:
THE TRAINING OF POLICE REMOUNTS AT IMBER COURT.

Admirers of the wonderful docility of police horses in crowds hardly realise, perhaps, the extensive training of remounts that is necessary to produce their state of complete control. At Imber Court there is a special training ground for police horse recruits, under the supervision of Colonel Laurie. There they undergo most strict handling by expert horsemen, and carefully devised exercises to teach them the *savoir faire* essential in horses to be ridden by our mounted police. In the "passing-out" tests at Imber Court, the horses are subjected to a veritable inferno of pistol-firing, rattles, tom-toms, opening umbrellas, jerking flags, newspapers flying on elastic, and dummy "red-coats"—a colour that horses dislike. All this leaves the fully trained police horse unmoved. The

exercises shown in the above drawings, as numbered, are as follows: (1) Leading strings—the recruit training with dumb jockey; (2) The first jump; (3) Being accustomed to motor-lorries; (4) Learning to jump obstacles unmounted, led by a trained horse; (5) Walking up and down steps and ramps; (6) Stepping over ground obstacles to represent fallen bodies and becoming accustomed to smoke and fire; (7) Facing red-coated hurrying dummies and sudden opening of doors; (8) The sudden dashing out of "bogey" figures from behind trees; (9) Acquiring a taste for band-music and waving flags; (10) Learning to back into crowds without nervousness—by manoeuvring against rows of dummy figures suspended from wires.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FOR the *motif* of this week's fantasia on new books I take the spirit of place and the reactions thereto displayed by different types of character, mainly in the field of adventure.

In his "PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR," A Romantic Macabre (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Hugh Walpole reverts to a locality whose mysterious influence he explored years ago in "Maradick at Forty"—to that seductive old town on the Cornish coast which he calls Treliss. I have never been able quite to identify Treliss, but I fancy it is an imaginary compound of Helston, with its annual Furry Dance, and St. Ives, crowned by the Tregenna Castle Hotel, although Treliss is rather less sophisticated and modernised than the St. Ives of to-day. The junction for Treliss, named Trewth by Mr. Walpole, also suggests Par, the junction for Fowey. These topographical speculations, however, are of little moment. Treliss remains—Treliss.

Maradick himself reappears at the outset as a London club acquaintance of a young American dilettante, named Harkness, to whom, during an exchange of travel experiences, he recommends Treliss as a place "that will pull you right out of yourself and test you, show you whether you are real or no, give you a crisis that will change you for ever." An old tourist-hating Cornishman whom Harkness encountered in the train struck a note of warning. "Treliss," he said, "is too beautiful a place for you. It will do you harm. . . . It doesn't like tourists. I've seen it do funny things to tourists in my time." The old man was right. Treliss had in store for Harkness—that quixotic idealism—something more sinister than seductive.

It is curious that two leading novelists should both have chosen as the main theme of their new stories the borderland between sanity and lunacy. Crispin, with his podgy person, his flaming hair, and his dulcet voice, offers a lurid parallel to the gentle Mr. Preemby in Mr. H. G. Wells's latest book. Both Crispin and Preemby aspired to be "emperor of the world," but the paths by which they would have climbed to that exalted position were widely divergent. Crispin's creed was the philosophy of pain—to be inflicted by himself on others for the good of their souls. In his refined taste for cruelty he reminds me a little of Moordius in "Moordius and Co."; but he was worse—he was possessed by a devil.

In making one of his characters remark: "The sort of mess we're in now wouldn't make a bad shocker, would it?" Mr. Walpole delicately admits that his story is an escapade in the sensational. It is a new vein for him, although, of course, "the moving accident" was not lacking even in some of his earlier books, such as "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail" and "The Prelude to Adventure." One gathers from the preface that he has rather revelled in his "shocker," and I think that every standard novelist should write at least one, if only to show the ordinary mystery-monger how thrills can be combined, as here, with subtleties of characterisation and the charm of description and reflection. Mr. Walpole, however, has made one mistake, which any experienced "thrill merchant" would avoid—he has given away the *dénouement* by a hint in his preface. That is the only hole I have to pick in a book which I found thoroughly enthralling.

The spiritual influence of the desert is finely expressed in "THE LOST OASES," by A. M. Hassanein Bey, F.R.G.S., with Introduction by Sir Rennell Rodd. (Thornton Butterworth; 21s. net.) "In the silent infinity of the desert," the author writes, "body, mind, and soul are cleansed. Man feels nearer to God, feels the presence of a mighty Power from which nothing any longer diverts his attention. . . . The desert brings out the best that is in every man. Civilisation confronts the crowd with danger, and each one fights for himself and his own safety. In the desert self becomes less and less important. Each tries to do the best he can for his comrades."

Hassanein Bey, it may be recalled, was associated some years ago with Mrs. Rosita Forbes (now Mrs. A. McGrath) in a memorable journey to the capital of the Senussi; "but this trip to Kufra," he says, "interesting as it was, only tempted me to explore the vast unknown desert which lay beyond." Summing up the new adventure described in the present book, he writes: "This is the story of a journey I made in 1923 from Sollum on the

Mediterranean to El Obeid in the Soudan—some 2200 miles. In the course of it I was fortunate enough to discover two 'lost oases,' Arkenu and Ouenat, which previously had not been known to geographers."

It is a story of great fascination, and it is written in excellent English—a fact less surprising than it might be when one learns that the author is an Oxford man. As Sir Rennell Rodd recalls, "he represented the University as a fencer." A high tribute is paid to the explorer in an Appendix by Dr. John Ball, Director of Desert Surveys in Egypt, who writes: "His expedition appears to me to be an almost unique achievement in the annals of geographical exploration." The importance of the results lay partly in the determination of geographical positions and partly in the opening up of a new route through the discovery of water supplies.

To the general reader, however, the book will appeal by its human interest, as in the descriptions of native types, of the humours of caravan life, of the position of slaves, of marriage customs, of meeting strangers in the

Angkor's tree-embowered palaces, upon lily-embarrassed moats and orchid-decked courts." I give this quotation merely to indicate the author's manner and not by way of disparagement. I can enjoy a certain amount of exuberance when it proceeds from a sincere sense of wonder and love of colour, and when a writer tempers his raptures with plenty of comic relief. Mr. Candee describes briskly the humours of travel on the journey to Angkor, by way of Hong Kong, Saigon, and the Mékong River.

The goal of his pilgrimage came in sight unexpectedly. Having arrived overnight, he awoke one morning and found it in full view. "Raising our eyes, the great temple seized us. Sitting in majesty across a flooded space, it claimed us. It held out spirit arms and embraced us. The soft morning airs blowing from its grandeur baptized us into a new worship. The light glowing on its five distant towers illuminated our consciousness, our very souls. We stretched out our arms and stepped towards it in ecstatic forgetting of physical sense." Mr. Candee's picture of Angkor is by no means all in this rhapsodic vein; he is, in fact, economical of ecstasy, and he gives a very detailed and practical description which is easy to read and satisfying in its total effect. It is a conversational account of his own peregrinations about the great temple. He also tells briefly but effectively the story of that strange people, the Khmers, who raised these magnificent structures, the flower of a high civilisation, and then mysteriously disappeared, in the thirteenth century, leaving their wondrous works to the jungle and oblivion.

Two other regions of the Far East, and their effect on men differing in their pursuits and temperament, have inspired books which, for "reasons of space," must be treated with more brevity than they deserve. One is "SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE," by Carveth Wells, F.R.G.S., A.M.I.C.E., with a Preface by Dr. Frederic Augustus Lucas, Director Emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History. Illustrations from photographs (Heinemann; 10s. 6d. net). The author is a British engineer who, in 1913, went out to Malaya to help in surveying the British railway from Penang to Bangkok, "was by the fortunes of war kept there for six years," and has since lived in America. He relates his experiences in a vigorous colloquial style that is vastly entertaining. The story includes exciting adventures with snakes and tigers and poisonous insects. "I am counting the days," Mr. Wells concludes, "until I can return to mysterious Malaya, but I do not want to live there for ever, thank you! You hear the call of good old Broadway and Piccadilly just as strongly in the jungle as, after a few months in New York or London, you hear there the call of the East."

News from China has long made it clear that the life of a missionary in that distracted country must be far from humdrum. I was hardly prepared, however, for the intensive excitements of "BLUE TIGER," Strange Adventures of a Missionary in China, by Harry R. Caldwell. Introduction by Roy Chapman Andrews, American Museum of Natural History. Illustrated (Duckworth; 15s. net). The author has had many adventurous interviews with Chinese bandits (described in the last four chapters), and in 1917, as mediator between them and the Peking Government, saw some of the worst horrors of the Revolution. The exciting element in his book, however, is largely connected with his prowess as a big-game hunter. Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, of "dinosaur eggs" fame, says of Mr. Caldwell: "I always picture him with a rifle in one hand and a Bible in the other"; and Mr. Caldwell says of himself: "I little suspected as a boy in the mountains of Tennessee . . . that the time would come when that same rifle would prove a means for advancing the knowledge of the Christian God in the heart of Asia." He won the hearts of the Chinese by ridding the land of the famous "Blue Tiger" and other deadly man-eaters of his kind. His book represents a fine American type of "muscular Christianity."

Here I must apply the closure, and reserve for a future article two notable records of sea experiences—"THE LOC OF A SHELLBACK," by H. F. Farmer (Witherby; 10s. 6d. net), and "STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE SEA," by J. G. Lockhart (Philip Allan and Co.; 8s. 6d. net). To these must be added "FROM RED SEA TO BLUE NILE," Abyssinian Adventures, by Rosita Forbes (Cassell; 25s. net); and "HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER," by J. R. M. Butler (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net), a filial memoir of the famous Master of Trinity.

C. E. B.



A GEM OF MEDIAEVAL ART RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL COMPLETENESS: A BEAUTIFUL FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH DIPTYCH IN CARVED IVORY ADDED TO THE NATIONAL COLLECTIONS.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently received an important accession to its collections of mediæval and Renaissance art by the bequest of the late Mrs. George Cowell. Her son, Mr. Athelstan Riley, has generously renounced a life interest in the bequest, and the objects are now on exhibition. Besides fine examples of the *champlevé* and painted enamels of Limoges, and important pieces of Italian majolica, there are a number of carvings in ivory. By a happy chance one of the ivories, carved with the Death of the Virgin and the Adoration of the Magi, is the right leaf of a diptych of which the left leaf, carved with the Coronation of the Virgin, the Annunciation, and the Visitation, has been in the Museum for over thirty years (it was acquired in 1893). The diptych (here illustrated) is thus once more complete, as it left the hand of the French ivory-carver in the first half of the fourteenth century.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

desert, and of saluting women by "emptying gunpowder" at their feet (by firing off a rifle so close as to singe their shoes). We read also of the curious habits of camels, of desperate occasions when the guide lost his way, and of an equally grave moment when a quarrel arose between Egyptians and Beduins in the caravan, and bloodshed was only prevented by their leader's tact and firmness. Particularly interesting was the discovery, at Ouenat, of ancient rock carvings, chiefly pictures of animals. The fact that they include giraffes, now unknown in that part of Africa, and do not include camels, indicates a high antiquity for these *graffiti*, since "the camel came to Africa from Asia some 500 years B.C."

The spirit of place must always powerfully impress the mind in the presence of vast ruins of antiquity where the glories of architecture are enhanced by the mystery of a lost civilisation. Such a place is described and beautifully illustrated in "ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT," The Wonder City of Ancient Cambodia, by H. Churchill Candee, with seventy-five illustrations from photographs and a map (Witherby; 20s. net). I gather that the author is an American, partly from an announcement that his book is printed in the United States, and partly from the evidence of style. "I had long been mad," he writes, "to revel in keen sensuous lust-of-the-eye, to feast and feast upon

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., AND KEYSTONE.



AN AMERICAN MOTOR-RACING DISASTER: A CAR UPSET AT HIGH SPEED, AFTER STRIKING AND KILLING A MECHANIC, AT SALEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.



"MR. A'S" FORMER A.D.C. ON TRIAL IN PARIS: CAPTAIN ARTHUR IN THE DOCK (CLEAN-SHAVEN, IN FRONT OF THE SECOND SOLDIER FROM THE LEFT).



DEDICATING TWO CHURCH ARMY MISSION VANS: THE ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT HOLLINGBOURNE, NEAR MAIDSTONE.



WITH AMMUNITION CONSISTING OF ROTTEN EGGS, PEASEMEAL, FLOUR, SOOT, OCHRE, CODHEADS, AND BAD HERRINGS: GLASGOW UNDERGRADUATES ENGAGED IN THEIR RECTORIAL ELECTION "BATTLE."



THE TRAGEDY OF A C.P. LINER: THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ARTHUR CLEWS, COMMANDER OF THE "MELITA," AT BIRKENHEAD.

At the opening of the new Rockingham Speedway at Salem, New Hampshire, a racing car struck and killed a mechanic standing in front of the Grand Stand. Mr. Vic Spooner, the driver, was thrown 75 ft. in the air and was seriously injured.—Captain Charles Arthur, who figured prominently in the "Mr. A" case, was recently brought to trial at the Palais de Justice in Paris. Captain Arthur was aide-de-camp to Sir Hari Singh, who has succeeded to the throne of Kashmir.—Mr. Austen Chamberlain was elected Rector of Glasgow University on October 24.



A REVIVAL OF MEDIAEVAL JOUSTING IN MADRID: KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR TAKING PART IN A TOURNAMENT DURING THE FESTIVAL OF OTONO.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton was the Liberal candidate, and Mr. Sidney Webb stood for Labour. The election was, as usual, marked by a fierce mock battle between undergraduate members of the rival factions.—Captain A. H. Clews, late commander of the Canadian Pacific liner "Melita," was shot dead on board his ship, at Antwerp, on October 21, and two other officers were seriously wounded. Chief Officer T. A. Towers was arrested and charged with murder.—A Military Tournament on mediæval lines took place recently in Madrid in connection with the Festival of Otono.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., BARRATT, TOPICAL, G.P.U., ELLIOTT AND FRY, KEYSTONE, WALTER STONEMAN, S. AND G., RUSSELL, TOPICAL, C.N., AND LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



A LONDON MAGISTRATE SINCE 1912: THE LATE MR. W. H. LEYCESTER.



A COMMUNIST CHARGED WITH SEDITION: MR. R. P. ARNOT.



A COMMUNIST CHARGED WITH SEDITION: MR. J. T. MURPHY.



A COMMUNIST CHARGED WITH SEDITION: MR. A. McMANUS.



A COMMUNIST CHARGED WITH SEDITION: MR. W. HANNINGTON.



A NOTED MEMBER OF DAIL EIREANN: THE LATE MR. DARRELL FIGGIS.



APPOINTED DEAN OF YORK: THE REV. LIONEL FORD, HEADMASTER OF HARROW.



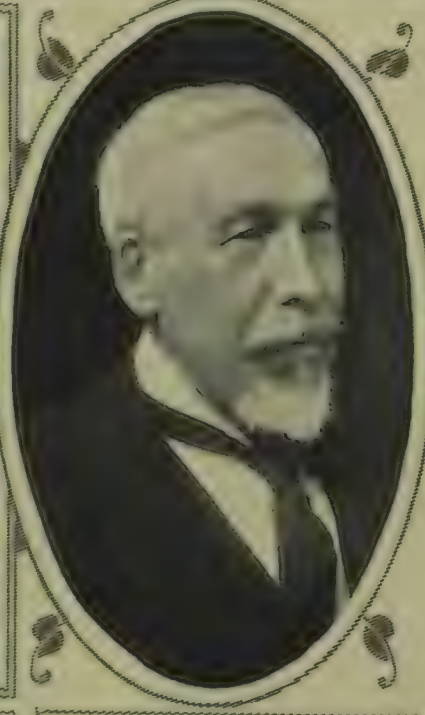
THE FOREIGN SECRETARY'S GREAT LONDON WELCOME ON RETURNING FROM LOCARNO: MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN AND THEIR SONS AT VICTORIA, WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, AND THE FRENCH, BELGIAN, ITALIAN, AND GERMAN AMBASSADORS.



A GREAT NOBLEMAN, LANDOWNER, AND SPORTSMAN: THE LATE LORD RIBBLESDALE.



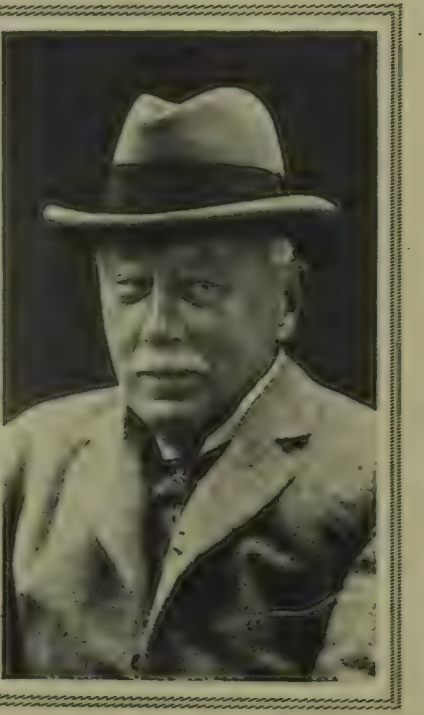
A NEW LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL IN NORTHERN IRELAND: MR. RICHARD BEST, K.C.



AN EMINENT SCOTTISH EDUCATIONIST: THE LATE SIR JOHN STRUTHERS



THREATENED WITH IMPEACHMENT: "MA" FERGUSON, AMERICA'S FIRST WOMAN GOVERNOR (OF TEXAS)



CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP FROM 1905 TO 1908: THE LATE LORD MARCHAMLEY.

Mr. W. H. Leicester had been a Metropolitan Police Magistrate since 1912, and was promoted to Bow Street in 1922.—Robert Page Arnot, J. T. Murphy, Arthur McManus, and Walter Hannington were charged with sedition last week at Bow Street, together with eight other Communists.—Mr. Darrell Figgis, who was a well-known member of Dail Eireann (the Irish Free State Parliament), was found dead on October 27 at a room he occupied in Bloomsbury.—The Rev. Lionel Ford has been for fifteen years Headmaster of Harrow.—Our group of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's return shows (l. to r.) Baron Moncheur (Belgian Ambassador), Joseph and Lawrence Chamberlain, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mr. Chamberlain, Herr Sthamer (German Ambassador), the Marchese della

Torretta (Italian Ambassador), Mr. Baldwin, and M. de Fleuriau (French Ambassador).—Lord Ribblesdale was a great landowner and a great sportsman, besides being keenly interested in art and literature. In 1882 he became Master of H.M. Buckhounds, on which he wrote a book. He was five years Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and was a trustee of the National Gallery.—Mr. Richard Best, formerly Attorney-General for Northern Ireland, has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal.—Sir John Struthers played a prominent part in organising Scottish education.—"Ma" Ferguson, the woman Governor of Texas, is accused by political opponents of inefficiency, waste, and undue leniency to convicts.—Lord Marchamley, as Mr. George Whiteley, was Liberal Whip from 1905 to 1908.



Use your Car this Winter

Why should you lay up your car during the cold weather? Starting and sluggish lubrication troubles *can* be alleviated.

In the first place, have you drained off the diluted and contaminated oil from your crank case and refilled with the correct winter grade of Mobiloil?

This is the first essential because the success of your winter motoring largely depends upon correct lubrication.

The correct winter grade of Mobiloil in the crank case of your engine will ensure the utmost protection of all moving parts; our engineers have determined the grade of Mobiloil that is suited to the lubrication system of your car.

Every detail in design affecting the oil distribution in your car has been systematically considered by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd. They have solved your lubrication problems and their findings are given in the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations.

If your car does not appear in the abridged Chart shown on the right, send for a copy of "Correct Lubrication," a well-illustrated booklet which will be sent you post free.



Mobiloil

Make the Chart your guide

Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION) MOTOR CYCLES

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cycles are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
TT means Gargoyle Mobiloil "TT"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF MACHINE	1925	
	Summer	Winter
A.J.S. (349 c.c. O.H.V.) ...	B	TT
A.J.S. (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Ariel (O.H.V. Blackburne) ...	TT	TT
Ariel (M.A.G.) ...	—	—
Ariel (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Brough-Superior (J.A.P.) ...	B	TT
Brough-Superior (M.A.G.) ...	BB	TT
B.S.A. ...	BB	TT
Calhorne (Two Stroke) ...	TT	TT
Calhorne (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Chater-Lea (Two-Stroke) ...	BB	TT
Chater-Lea (350 c.c. O.H.V. Blackburne) ...	B	TT
Chater-Lea (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Clyno (Two-Stroke) ...	—	—
Clyno (8 h.p.) ...	—	—
Douglas ...	TT	TT
Dunlop ...	TT	TT
F.N. ...	BB	A
Francis-Barnett (J.A.P. Sports) ...	—	—
Francis-Barnett (Villiers) ...	TT	TT
Francis-Barnett (All Other Models) ...	—	—
Harley-Davidson (Sports) ...	—	—
Harley-Davidson (All Other Models) ...	B	A
Henderson ...	A	—
Indian (21 & 41 h.p.) ...	BB	TT
Indian (Scout & Prince Models) ...	BB	A
Indian (All Other Models) ...	B	A
James (Two-Stroke) ...	—	—
James (3 h.p. O.H.V. & 31 h.p. Twin) ...	B	TT
Levis ...	BB	TT
Matchless (Models J.S. & L.S.) ...	B	TT
Matchless (M.A.G.) ...	BB	A
Matchless (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Morgan (c.c.) ...	BB	TT
Morgan (10 h.p. O.H.V. Blackburne) ...	BB	TT
Morgan (British Anzani) ...	TT	TT
Morgan (All Other Models) ...	BB	A
Nerva-Car (350 c.c. S.V. Blackburne) ...	BB	TT
Nerva-Car (350 c.c. O.H.V. Blackburne) ...	B	TT
Nerva-Car (All Other Models) ...	TT	TT
New Hudson (Two-Stroke) ...	TT	TT
New Hudson (Popular) ...	—	—
New Hudson (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
New Hudson (Runabout) ...	—	—
New Imperial (250 c.c. O.H.V. & 350 c.c. S.V. J.A.P.) ...	BB	TT
New Imperial (350 c.c. O.H.V. & 980 c.c. S.V.) Super Sports J.A.P. ...	B	TT
New Imperial (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Noton ...	TT	TT
N.U.T. (31 h.p. Sports) ...	BB	TT
N.U.T. (All Other Models) ...	—	—
O.K. (Two-Stroke) ...	B	TT
O.K. (350 c.c. O.H.V. Blackburne) ...	BB	TT
O.K. (Bradshaw) ...	BB	TT
O.K. (All Other Models) ...	TT	TT
P & M ...	—	—
P & M. Panther (O.H.V.) ...	BB	TT
P & M. Panther (S.V.) ...	BB	TT
Quadrant ...	—	—
Radco ...	TT	TT
Raleigh (350 c.c. O.H.V. Sports) ...	B	TT
Raleigh (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Rover (4 h.p. Standard and Sports) ...	—	—
Rover (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Royal Enfield (Two-Stroke) ...	TT	TT
Royal Enfield (21 h.p. O.H.V. Sports) ...	B	TT
Royal Enfield (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Rudge (31 h.p.) ...	—	—
Rudge (All Other Models) ...	—	—
Scott ...	TT	TT
Sunbeam (31 h.p. T.T.) ...	TT	TT
Sunbeam (31 h.p. Standard & 41 h.p.) ...	BB	TT
Sunbeam (8 h.p.) ...	BB	TT
Sunbeam (All Other Models) ...	TT	TT
Triumph (Janus) ...	B	TT
Triumph (Ricardo) ...	B	TT
Triumph (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT
Velocette ...	TT	TT
Zenith (350 c.c. Bradshaw) ...	BB	TT
Zenith (500 c.c. Bradshaw) ...	—	—
Zenith (Sports Model) ...	B	TT
Zenith (All Other Models) ...	BB	TT

Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION) MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
ARC ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 4-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 6-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Amicar ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Angus Sanderson ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ansaldo ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Argyll, 12 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Argyll, 15/30 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ariel ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Autocrat ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bayless-Thomas ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Berlet ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Beverley-Barnes, 4-litre ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
B.S.A., 10 h.p. ...	B	TT	B	TT	B	TT
B.S.A., 14 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
B.S.A. (All Other Models) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadillac ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Chandler ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Charon, 8 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Charon, 17.9 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Charon-Laycock ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Chenard-Walker ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Couch, 12 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Couch (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Cubitt ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
De Dion Bouton ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delage (6 Cyl.), 40/50 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Delage (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delage, 10, 12 & 13 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delahaye (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delaney-Belleveille, 15.9 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delaney-Belleveille (All Other Models) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Diatto ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Gwynne, 8 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gwynne, 14 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hampton, 11/35 & 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hampton ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hispano-Suiza ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Isotta-Fraschini ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Italia ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Triappa) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Lancia (Lambda) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Lancia (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Lea-Francis ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Lincoln ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Lorraine-Dietrich ...	B	—	B	—	B	—
Metallurgique, 12/15 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Metallurgique (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Morris-Cowley ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Morris Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Morris Oxford (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Nash ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Oakland ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Packard Eight ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Packard (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Paige, 20/25 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Paige (All Other Models) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Panhard-Levassor, Poppet Valve ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Panhard-Levassor, Sleeve Valve ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Rhode ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Rochet-Schneider (12 & 14 h.p.) ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rochet-Schneider (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Seabrook, 9/19 & 12/24 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Seabrook (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
S.P.A. (24-6 Cyl. & 27-4 Cyl.) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
S.P.A. (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Spyker ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Steyr ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Sunbeam ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Vinot ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Voisin, 8 & 10 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Voisin, 18 h.p. ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Waverley (Sleeve Valve) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Waverley (All Other Models) ...	A	—	A	—	A	—
Windsor ...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Wolsley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

REMEMBER:

Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a quart of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car or motor cycle in the Chart of Recommendations.

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, S.W.1
WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth

BRANCH Belfast Bradford Cardiff Dundee Hull Manchester Sheffield
OFFICES: Birmingham Bristol Dublin Glasgow Liverpool Newcastle-on-Tyne

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD



DEWAR'S

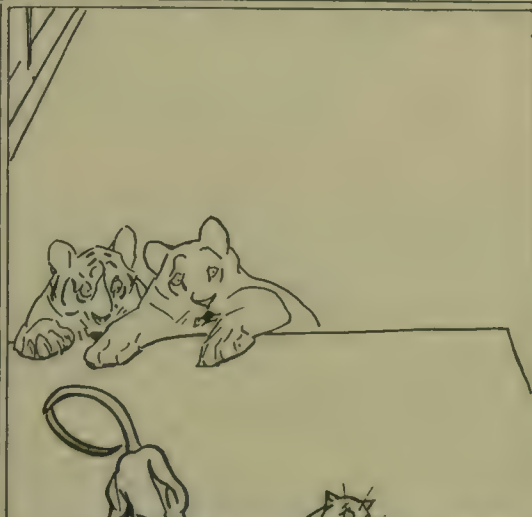
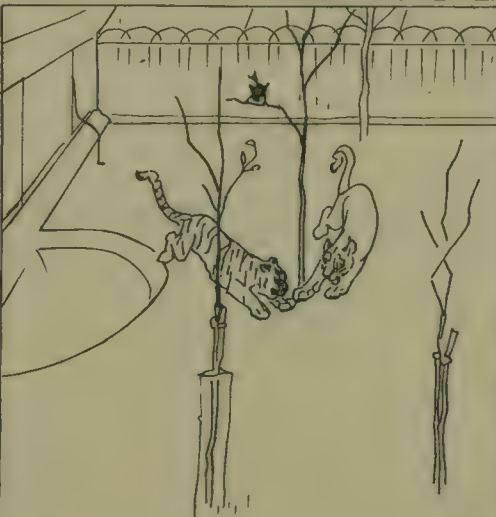
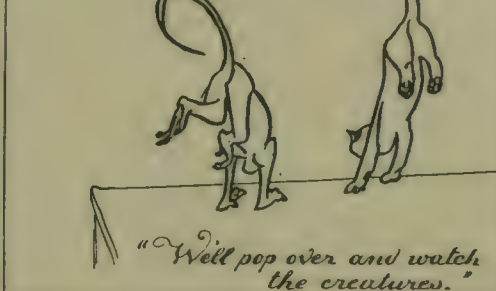
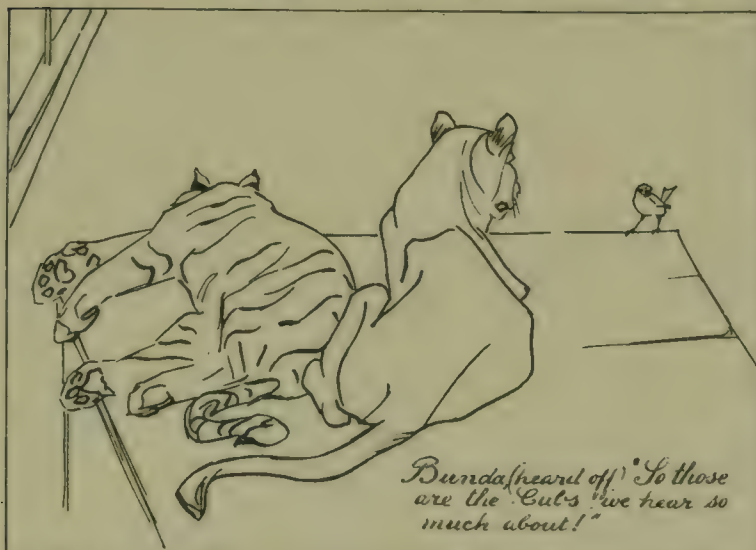
THE SPIRIT OF THE SEAS

From the great blue deep came forth the Empire, boundless and free. Across the wide waters of all the Seas unceasingly pass men and ships binding more tightly the common bonds of a noble heritage. Not least amongst these ties is . . .

DEWAR'S

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XXXIV.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

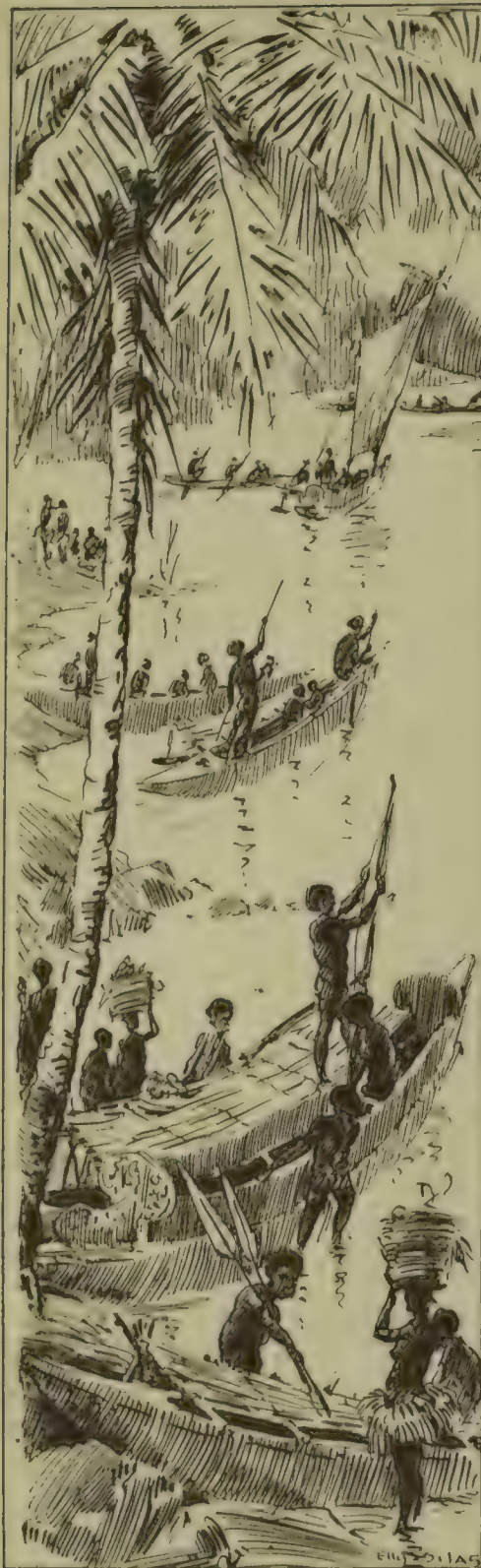


HOW BUNDA AND BLINX DERIDED THE SPARROW-STALKING OF JACK AND TEDDY, AND WERE TAUGHT TO LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THEIR FACES.

Bunda was rather jealous of the popularity enjoyed by the lion and tiger cubs, Jack of Africa and Teddy of Asia, whose pranks had got into the illustrated papers. (See our issue of September 12.) He regarded with contempt their efforts to stalk a sparrow, and was incautious enough to

lead Blinx into the cubs' enclosure. When Jack and Teddy abandoned the sparrow and showed a disposition to stalk them, Blinx and Bunda laughed "on the other side of their faces." They beat a hasty retreat, and there was an awkward moment when Blinx became entangled in the wire.

Jewels of the Sea that Every Woman Covets. Pearl-divers of the South Seas, by Ellis Silas, F.R.G.S.



"OFF TO THE PEARL PATCH": NATIVE DIVERS OF THE SOUTH SEAS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE CRAFT SETTING OUT ON AN EXPEDITION.

Drawings by Ellis Silas, F.R.G.S.

DOMESTIC architecture in this world of palms is not planned; it grows in the same haphazard manner as does the jungle, adjusting itself to the undulations, rocks, and declivities of the ground level. The main structure is a rectangular platform built on short poles, bounded by uprights of undressed timber, surmounted with a roof part sago thatch, part shingles, and a few sheets of corrugated iron. The floor space, which is covered with split palm bark, is divided into just so many sections as may suit immediate needs; the partitions are walls of pandanus-leaf mats lashed to the uprights of rough sticks. These walls divide respectively bed-room, living-room, and bath-room—the kitchen, which is separate, being connected to the main structure by a low, narrow platform. Immediate requirements fulfilled, additions are made as necessity compels. Sprawling out in irregular lines from the sides and back of the buildings, a rusted iron gutter runs in an undulating line along the edge of the gable, connected by a spout to a circular tank of galvanised iron, which collects the rain and is the water supply. In times of drought water is procurable from the village water-holes, of which there are many; but this necessitates conveying the water a mile or more. This water, besides possessing a peculiar flavour, is useless—or nearly so—for washing purposes. More often than not the rain percolates through the roof, particularly after a dry spell, when the timber and thatch have shrunk, leaving gaping holes in the roof.

Should happy chance permit of glazing, the window spaces must be cut to fit the windows, which latter, by some strange twist of chance, have drifted out from more civilised parts, where glazing is the rule and not—as here—the exception. Frequently a wooden flap constructed of pieces of packing-cases nailed to battens is the only means of keeping out the weather. In a country where every man must be his own architect, carpenter, and builder, his materials wrenched from jungle and swamps, and his only assistants a people who are regarded by the remote civilised world as primitive and bloodthirsty cannibals, some of these houses are exceptionally well built. In periods of affluence some of these traders procure iron and timber from Sydney. Houses constructed with such materials, though more durable, are not so cool as those built with local materials, and in the monsoon season the pounding of the heavy rain on the iron roof is deafening.

The most important adjunct to a trader's house is the store and a verandah where his dusky clients may foregather. The store is a room of limited area. The upper half of the side facing the boys' verandah opens up with a wooden flap, with a shelf upon the inside of the opening, similar to a London coffee-stall. The walls are lined with rough shelves covered with coloured paper and divided into partitions, in which rest a confusion of mingled goods—trade cutlery in white cardboard boxes, their loose wrappings oozing therefrom, the string dangling over the shelf; bottles of scent on cards; combination tin-openers and cork-screw; piles of "trade" mirrors in crude wooden frames; tins of biscuits; mouth-organs; Jews' harps; wax vestas in small rectangular tins; tins of meat, and Capstan tobacco. The uppermost shelf is cluttered with cheap enamel-ware of a crude and sickly blue-and-white, lamp-glasses, and bottles of beads. Dangling from the shelves in tangled confusion are necklaces of pink shell-money, beads, arm-shells, and other gewgaws dear to the Trobriander heart. Suspended in the far corner is a cluster of "trade" hurricane-lamps, their tawdry tin frames reflecting light in the deep shadow. Hanging from lines of native cord strung across the store are pieces of bright coloured calicoes, red, blue, yellow, and patterned—crude, but fitting their environment. Upon the floor in one corner lies a jumbled heap of belts of calico, tomahawks, knives, a wooden canoe bail, two wooden images—the work of Ewa islanders—crude and grotesque, and indecently correct in details. The remainder of the limited floor space is littered with rectangular cedar-wood chests, cases of trade tobacco—one split, its contents spilling over the floor; bundles of newspapers—these are also "trade"—and baskets of betel nuts. Within the chests are cakes of Derby tobacco, stone axe-heads, and belts of pink shell-money (*sapi sapi*). This trader keeps an eight-row belt of pink shell-money as a decoy for his clients, who, when they see it, are so dazzled by its beauty that they simply "cannot resist" purchasing a belt, even if it be only a small one.

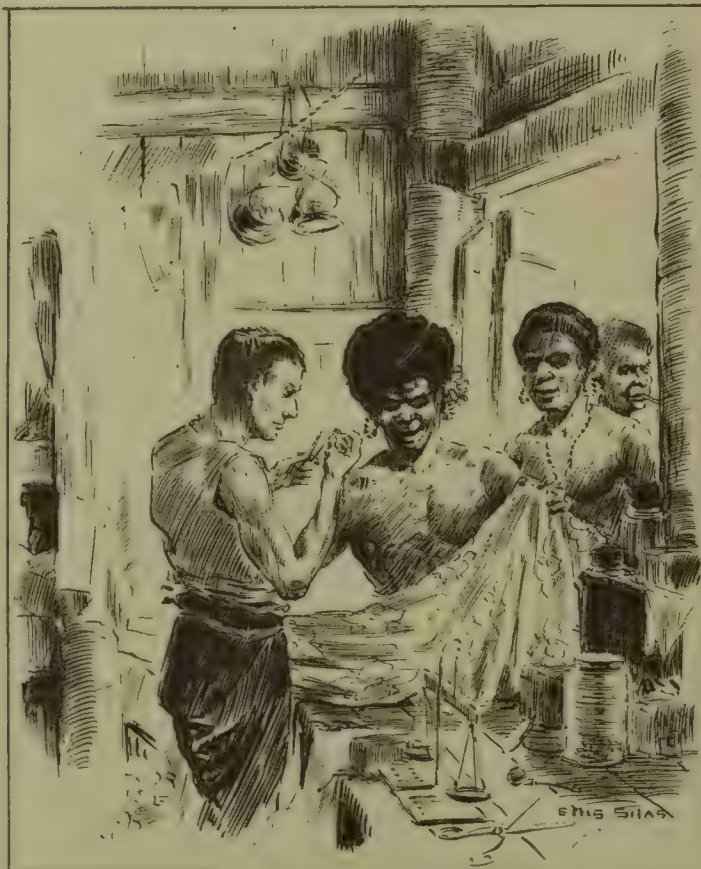
Across this plain deal shelf which faces the verandah a fortune in pearls changes hands between trader and native. It is amazing the casual manner in which these priceless gems are bartered—jewels which some day may grace the neck of a famous society beauty, or their theft make "copy" for the world's newspapers. The trader, attired in a ragged singlet and much-patched dungarees, is occupied upon one of the many odd jobs requiring attention. A native wanders up, and for a while watches the trader, who, having struck a particularly hard knot in the timber he is sawing, curses volubly; the waiting boy, getting his share in the rise in temperature, remains unperturbed under the flow of lurid verbiage.

"What matter got 'im waituna (pearl)?" asks the trader. "Yes, Taubada good fellow too much," replies the boy with nonchalance. The trader continues his sawing, although the pearl might be of immense value. There is another interval. The boy unwinds the gem from a piece of dirty calico. The trader casually glances at it, remarks "All right; igau

(by-and-by)," and continues his work, while the boy dawdles off to the verandah, there to wait for an hour or two. The trader, having completed the work in hand, expectorates, gives a hitch to his pants, slouches over to the store, and opens up the shutter. The waiting natives buzz round, peering in at the wealth of tobacco and world of dazzling "trade." The light is blocked out by brown heads with rolling eyes searching out the darkest corners of this wonderland of Dim Dim products. Anxiously they hand in their pearls, the gems glistening in their great bronze paws. After a little haggling the amount of barter is settled, and the pearls are slipped into an empty quinine bottle in which are others of their kind, whose value may possibly be some five thousand pounds or more; the bottle of wealth is casually stuck back on the shelf, and the fortunate winners come in to choose their "trade." They gaze about them like children with a penny to spend, wondering what they shall buy with it. The selection made, they trundle out, clutching their gewgaws, and tuning up on the newly acquired Jews' harps and mouth-organs. The store is locked up—that is, a padlock is thrust through a crazy staple that could be wrenched off with the fingers. The trader slouches back to his job, the boys remaining on the verandah to enjoy and discuss the beauties of their trade articles, which, in this instance, comprised one pound of rice, two belts of pink shell-money, one stone axe-head, a mirror, twenty sticks of tobacco, four cakes small Derby tobacco, one pound note, a Jew's harp, and four yards of the most ravishing calico ornately and crudely patterned.

And here I will touch upon an extremely important side-line of the pearling industry, of consequence to the traders, doubly so to the Trobrianders; for the manufacture of the pink shell-money, from being a purely tribal industry, has developed into an important factor in the white man's barter for pearls. Consequently, it

(Continued on page 876.)



WHERE PEARLS WORTH £5000 ARE KEPT IN AN EMPTY QUININE BOTTLE ON A DEAL SHELF. A TRADER IN HIS STORE EXAMINING A PEARL BROUGHT IN BY A NATIVE, TO BE EXCHANGED FOR SOME GAUDY CALICO.

"It is amazing the casual manner in which these priceless gems are bartered. . . . After a little haggling, the amount of barter is settled, and the pearls are slipped into an empty quinine bottle, in which are others whose value may possibly be some £5000 or more."

COINING *SAPI SAPI*: A SOUTH SEA PEARL TRADER'S "MINT."

DRAWN BY ELLIS SILAS, F.R.G.S.



MAKING PINK SHELL-MONEY": A TRADER'S MINT, WITH NATIVES AT WORK DRILLING AND ROLLING SHELL.

"Here," writes Mr. Ellis Silas in his article opposite, "I will touch upon an extremely important side-line of the pearling industry . . . the manufacture of the pink shell-money. . . . It is now the trader who promotes the industry. . . . The pink shell-money (*sapi sapi*) is the inner layer of a bivalve (Kaloma). . . . The Mint is generally the verandah of a trader's house. . . . The shell is broken into pieces with a green stone. Traders use metal clippers. The pieces are roughly rounded so as to form a thick circular lump; these are then put into a hole in a cylindrical piece of wood which acts as a handle,

and the lumps are rubbed on a piece of flat sandstone until both sides of the pieces are polished flat, revealing the layer of red, hard calcareous material. In the middle of them a hole is drilled with a pump drill, the perforated pieces are threaded on to a thin hard stick, and the shell is rubbed round and round until its form becomes circular. It is a lively scene when the Mint is in full swing; chatting, laughing, smoking, and chewing betel, they follow their laborious task. The coins completed, comes then the fascination of sewing them into belts, and making ear-rings and necklaces."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE three Queens at Sandringham are seeing much of each other. Queen Maud is going to the meets of the West Norfolk Hounds, and will probably have runs with them. Like Princess Victoria, she is a good horsewoman and loves the exercise. The announcement of Prince Olaf's engagement to his cousin, Princess Astrid of Sweden, is expected, but will probably not be made until he has finished his studies at Oxford, if then. There are Norwegians who look for another bride for him. The choice of a Swedish bride would do much to heal the wound caused to Sweden by the separation of Norway nearly twenty years ago. Princess Astrid is a very pretty girl of twenty; her father is one of the handsomest men in Europe, and her mother, who was Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, fair and good-looking. My always kind American correspondent, whose name I do not know, reminds me that Prince Olaf and Princess Astrid trace descent from the French General Bernadotte, who was adopted by King Charles XIII. of Sweden, and became King Charles XIV. Also my correspondent tells me that the American papers are announcing a prospective visit to New York next May of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden in connection with the honouring of the Swedish-American inventor, Ericsson. Their Royal Highnesses enjoy seeing other countries than their own.

Lady May Cambridge, now on her way to join her parents in South Africa, before her departure received gifts at a Pound Day held by Miss Eileen Brenton, at 54, Eaton Square, for the Babies' Hospital, Deptford. It will be remembered that Lady May's grandmother, the late Duchess of Albany, was known as Deptford's particular Princess, so much had she done for that district, and Princess Alice and her daughter do everything they can to help. Miss Eileen Brenton has helped the Babies' Hospital ever since it started,

and games. When in this country they were much admired for their good looks, quiet and dignified carriage, and natural ways, although then both were in the schoolroom. The Infanta Beatriz, like girls of Southern countries, has developed early, and is now her father and mother's constant companion.

It was a good idea to have a Linen Ball in Belfast. The Duchess of Abercorn, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Craig, the Lady Mayoress of Belfast, Mrs. Chichester, M.P., the Mayoress of Londonderry, were patronesses. The women had to wear dresses made of linen, and the Duchess of Abercorn gave a prize for the best, and other patronesses second and third prizes. Those who visited the Ulster Exhibit at Wembley will realise what truly beautiful dresses can be made of that material. Printed and stencilled with fine designs, they are effective, and the gloss on the linen is like that of

satin. It is soft also, and not, as linen used to be, too easily crushable.

The Prince of Wales very soon went to see his hunters at Melton Mowbray. There is no doubt as to his Royal Highness's favourite sport. The coming season should be a good one for hunting, but no one can foretell, as all depends on the weather. The Prince and Prince Henry have their hunting quarters at Craven Lodge, which Captain Michael Wardell had the foresight to turn into a kind of luxurious club for hunting people. Lady Ravensdale is getting on much better now. It will, of course, be some time before she is in the saddle again. Mrs. Dudley Coats is another lover of the sport who will probably not be able to indulge in it this winter; but hunting women are now hard at it everywhere.

The Duke and Duchess of York have many engagements for the coming months. The Duke has been on business in the North, and the Duchess joined him in Norwich. They have a number of London engagements to fulfil as well. The

Duchess of York is very strong, and always so cheery that she is apt to be thought fit for more than she really is. Also she is so ready and willing to help good causes that it is necessary to refuse some of the very many applications for her presence. I hear that royalties' presence at charity dances and patronage generally of the terpsichorean art is likely to be less than it has been. Dancing half the night, and busy all the day, is somewhat hard on the strongest.

A real sporting effort is being made to help St. Thomas's Hospital by a half-crown ballot for favourite sportsmen—a list of them being given—and prizes to the value of £5000 to be won. That very popular lady, Miss Muriel Barnby, is hon. secretary for a big effort by actresses to sell ballot tickets on Friday, the 30th. I am writing shortly before

the event, which will be over before these lines are read. Needless to say, sportsmen backed by actresses is a very popular proposition. Although

the special big effort is over, the tickets for the Ballot are still being sold. The Earl of Lathom is keenly interested, and Mrs. Kendal is chairman of committee. St. Thomas's is one of London's most useful hospitals.

One of the festivities to which everyone is looking forward is the great Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall, to take place on the last night of the Old Year. It is being called the "Happy - New - Year" Ball, and the organisers promise that it will live up to its name. Princess Arthur of Connaught is the chairman of the Grand Committee, and Prince Arthur is the President of the Ball, which is in aid of the British Empire Service League and the Middlesex Hospital—two splendid objects. Tickets are going so fast that all wise folk who want

to secure some of the first two thousand, priced at two guineas each, should write at once to the H.Q., British Empire Service League, 130, Baker Street;



WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER: THE HON. MRS. CYRIL ASQUITH, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH.

The Hon. Mrs. Cyril Asquith, who has just had a little girl, is the wife of the Hon. Cyril Asquith, third son of Lord Oxford and Asquith. She was Miss Anne Pollock, and is a daughter of Sir Adrian Pollock. The baby is to receive the old-fashioned name of Rose.—[Photograph by P and A.P.]



THE INAUGURATION OF THE DUTCH BARGE DOG CLUB: MRS. WINGFIELD DIGBY WITH "BARTENS," "THEUNIA," AND "BAREND."

The inauguration of the new Dutch Barge Dog Club took place recently at Sherborne Castle, Dorset.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

and is its consistent very good friend. Lady May has her mother's gracious manner and delightful smile, and way of saying nice things naturally and spontaneously. Lord Trematon, Lady May's younger and only brother, is now at Cambridge. Her friend, Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse, is to be married from her home in France, and Lady May will not be able to be present.

The Queen of Spain is once more in London, visiting her mother, Princess Beatrice. Her two daughters were here the year before last. The elder, the Infanta Beatriz, is very handsome, and is in her seventeenth year—she celebrated her sixteenth birthday in June. The Infanta Maria is two years her junior. The Princesses speak their mother's language easily and prettily. They are fine horsewomen, and love outdoor exercises



ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND: H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain is now on a visit to this country, and is staying with her mother, Princess Beatrice, in Kensington Palace. On her arrival here, the Prince of Wales went to receive her at Victoria Station, to welcome her to London on behalf of the King and Queen.—[Photograph by I.B.]

to the Secretary, Middlesex Hospital; or to Mr. G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, and make certain of their tickets. A. E. L.

LORD DILLON'S GREAT GIFT TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WE illustrate here a new and splendid gift to the National Portrait Gallery. "Seldom," writes the Director, Mr. J. D. Milner, in an article contributed to the "Times," "since the foundation in 1856, and certainly not since the opening of the new building in 1896, has an addition of greater historical importance been made than the three portraits—of Archbishop Warham, attributed to Holbein; Sir Philip Sidney, painted in 1577; and Sir Henry Lee, K.G., painted in 1568 by Antonio Mor—which have been presented by Lord Dillon, chairman of the trustees, from his famous collection at Ditchley, in memory of the late Lady Dillon. . . . The Gallery has hitherto been without representation of either Warham or Sir Henry Lee, and possessed only an inadequate likeness of Sir Philip Sidney." The Ditchley portrait of Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86) is unsigned and undated, but there are similar portraits at Penshurst, Longleat, and Woburn.

[Continued opposite.]

BELIEVED (FROM INDICATIONS OF COSTUME) TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED ABROAD:
A FINE PORTRAIT OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, PRESENTED
TO THE NATION BY LORD DILLON.

[Continued.]

and the Penshurst one is dated 1577. An interesting fact which, as Mr. J. D. Milner points out, "probably accounts for the portrait being at Ditchley, is that Sir Henry Lee formed one of the suite which accompanied Sidney on his diplomatic mission early in 1577 to the Elector Palatine at Heidelberg and the Emperor Rudolf II. at Prague."—The portrait of Sir Henry Lee is on a panel 24½ in. by 20½ in. Sir Henry Lee, who was a nephew of Sir Thomas Wyatt, entered the service of Henry VIII. in 1545, and from 1559 to 1590 was personal champion to Queen Elizabeth. —The portrait of William Warham, attributed to Hans Holbein, is painted in oils on a panel 32½ in. by 25½ in. Warham became Master of the Rolls in 1494, Bishop of London and Keeper of the Great Seal in 1502, and Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor in 1504. His character is drawn by Erasmus, whom he befriended, in "Ecclesiastes."



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PERSONAL CHAMPION: SIR HENRY LEE, K.G. (1531-1611)—
A PORTRAIT BY SIR ANTONIO MOR PAINTED IN 1568, PRESENTED BY LORD
DILLON TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



THE PRELATE WHO CROWNED HENRY VIII. AND CATHERINE OF ARAGON:
ARCHBISHOP WARHAM (1450? TO 1532)—A PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO HOLBEIN,
INCLUDED IN LORD DILLON'S GIFT.

Fashions & Fancies



A Peep Behind the Scenes.

An American visitor remarked recently that "England is a huge storehouse for other people's goods." He had, it appeared, been taken to see the plays of Mr. O'Neill, the dancing of Pavlova, and several dress parades where every model bore the name of a French house. On the surface, the observation appears justified, but a glimpse behind the scenes disproves the theory. In the sphere of dress, for instance, it is well known that Worth is an Englishman, and I am told that another compatriot, a well-known tailor, has just gone to Paris, there to achieve a famous career. But there are signs that this side of the Channel is striving also to attain an important position in the world of fashion, and at the British Empire Exhibition, the Bradford

Here are three fascinating boudoir caps fashioned of lace, net, and ribbon in artistic colourings, which may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

Chamber of Commerce invited many guests to view an all-British dress parade.

British Models, Materials, and Mannequins.

At this parade the models, materials, and mannequins were entirely British. There were frocks and wraps for every occasion, carried out in an infinite variety of attractive materials. Fancy jacquard in gay colourings and new geometrical patterns expressed many of the sports suits, and afternoon frocks introduced new weaves of artificial silk as supple as crêpe-de-Chine. There was a bride, too, in white georgette, the frock draped on Egyptian lines, and the train embroidered with pearls and silver. Behind came two bridesmaids in mauve georgette, their hooped skirts strewn with violets and forget-me-nots. We understand that in the near future a British Model House is to be opened, where may be seen at all seasons the latest British models and materials.

New Lingerie Fashions.

Never has lingerie been prettier than in these days of simple affairs fashioned out of a yard or two of crêpe-de-Chine and lace. Many new models are always to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where was sketched the set pictured here. It is of lavender crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with Mechlin lace, and costs 35s. 9d. each the chemise and knickers, and 55s. 9d. the nightie. Then there are camiknickers designed especially for the new backless evening frocks. Made of crêpe-de-Chine, they are lace-trimmed in front, and begin from the waist only at the back. They can be secured for 29s. 6d. in any colour. Another innovation is a camiknicker in the Directoire style, caught with elastic at the knees and fastening with clips at the sides. The price is also 29s. 6d., and they are fashioned of crêpe-de-Chine or broché. As for boudoir caps, they are there in great variety, including the fascinating trio above.

Boudoir Wraps and Gowns.

The influence of the Paris Exhibition of Decorative Arts has influenced even boudoir wraps, and the latest models to be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., are decorated with the new kinetic

designs instead of flowers and embroidery. Sometimes the pattern is woven in the material, or appliquéd in bold patches. From the same salon comes the attractive wrap pictured below, of flame chiffon velvet, trimmed with grey foxaline fur. It is lined throughout with silk, and costs 7½ guineas. The same style carried out in velveteen can be secured for 4½ guineas. Two tempting offers which must be broadcast everywhere are the dressing-gowns of rich brocade, interlined with Shetland wool and lined with silk, available for 89s. 6d., while others of washable embossed velvet, lined with fine mercerised cotton (which has the appearance of silk but escapes the tax), are 98s. 6d. Then, a breakfast gown which is easily slipped on and looks neat and attractive, is expressed in rayon brocade cut on tailored lines, double-breasted, with flaring godets at the sides. The price is only 29s. 6d., and soft Shetland wrappers to wear in bed over thin nighties are 25s. 9d., available in lovely colours.

Candles for the Boudoir.

Women are paying great attention nowadays to the decoration of their boudoirs. One of the softest and most artistic methods of illumination is the use of candles, and the well-known Nell Gwynn antique candles (of which two are pictured above) add a delightful finishing touch to any scheme of decoration. Available in no less than twenty-four art colours, they burn with a steady light without smoke or odour. They are obtainable from 1s. a box, from all stores of prestige; but should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made to J. C.

and J. Field, Soap and Candle Manufacturers, London, S.E.1.



Lavender crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with cream Mechlin lace expresses this attractive lingerie set from the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.



Grey foxaline borders this useful boudoir wrap of flame chiffon velvet, which is designed and carried out by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



*The Jockey Club,
Newmarket.*

NO one knows when the Jockey Club was formed. Perhaps it originated in Stuart days, for Charles II. and his court.. enjoyed sport on Newmarket Heath. Tradition, however, marks the middle of the eighteenth century, when clubs of all kinds were springing up, as the date of formation. The Jockey Club seems to have met about 1750 at the "Star and Garter" in Pall Mall and in other London taverns; but headquarters were soon fixed in the more convenient venue of the Coffee Room at Newmarket, and here, during the past 170 years the cream of British sportsmen have gathered for the famous meetings, including our late and present King.

Control of horse racing, first vested in the King's person, soon passed to the Jockey Club. Though its jurisdiction nominally applied only to Newmarket Heath, so powerful was the influence of the Club and its members, that almost from the first its rulings were accepted as decisive on every course, and so gradually the Jockey Club has become recognised as the supreme authority over this "the Sport of Kings" and "the King of Sports."

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CONCERNING BRITISH BIRDS.

(See Colour Illustrations.)

THE fervent desire to preserve the beauty of our countryside, which has manifested itself during the last few years, is a welcome sign of an awakening to a sense of the preciousness of our inheritance in rural England, which some had despaired of. Offensive advertisement-boards are being swept away, beauty spots are being saved from destruction, and the preservation of our native birds and beasts is being more and more sympathetically welcomed.

May this uplifting spirit gather strength daily! A forcible reminder of what we have lost, and at the same time of what we may yet regain, is given by the appearance of the second volume of Mr. Archibald Thorburn's "British Birds" (Longmans, Green; Vol. II.; 16s. net). The exquisite plates which are the great feature of this sumptuous book include a number of species of superb beauty, which might well gladden our eyes, at least during the summer months, if only we could induce the collector of "rare" birds and eggs to withhold his hand. The kingfisher, happily, is now far less persecuted than it was. But there is another bird which, in course of time, and with jealous guardianship, might become even more conspicuous in our landscape—and that is the hoopoe. As Mr. Thorburn remarks, it "was evidently more often seen in former days than now, as Sir Thomas Browne, in his list of birds found in Norfolk, written more than two hundred and fifty years ago, quaintly describes it as Upupa, or Hoopebird, so named from its note: a gallant marked bird which I have often seen, and tis not hard to shoot them." It is, indeed, known to have bred with us on several occasions. Unmolested, the parents and their progeny would probably return year after year to "increase and multiply." Whether the roller and the bee-eater would ever, in like manner, establish themselves is doubtful; for their visits are few and far between. But the last-named has at least nested once with us.

To get the utmost possible out of these ravishing plates one must carefully study them; for they present some fascinating problems in the matter of the significance of coloration. Take the greater and lesser spotted woodpeckers, for example. In the first-

mentioned, the male has a crimson patch on the nape, the immature birds have a crimson crown. In the lesser-spotted species the adult male and his offspring of both sexes in like manner have the crown crimson. But the adult female in both species has no red on the head. Why, in the greater-spotted species, does the crimson patch change its position from the crown to the nape in moulting from the immature to the adult dress? and why, in both species, does the crimson patch vanish with the assumption of the adult dress in the case of the females?

This is really a very remarkable departure from the general rule in regard to the sequences of plumage. For the acquisition of bright colours is in all other cases first acquired by the male, as a nuptial embellishment. In course of time it comes to attain permanence, and may then be assumed by the adult female, leaving the more sombre, primitive livery to the young. Later, in some species, as in the case of our kingfisher, male, female and young, at all seasons of the year, are clad "in purple and fine linen." Why then, again, do the females of these two woodpeckers lose the splendour of their early state when they assume the adult dress? Mr. Thorburn's text, like his plates, affords food for thought. In regard to the cuckoo he adopts the contention of Mr. Edgar Chance, that the female always sits on the nest of her dupes to deposit her egg. This is most certainly not the case, though she may prefer this method of deposition. But he has something else to say about the cuckoo which will surprise most people. For he tells us that the familiar and welcome cry "*Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!*" is uttered, not through the open mouth, but with the beak closed, like the soothing cry of the woodpigeon! As Mr. Thorburn "knows" his British birds, and is a close observer, we may accept this statement without hesitation. For it is made after repeated observation at close quarters, and is not a mere "pious opinion." There are some extraordinarily beautiful pictures of birds of prey, as well as of the heron-tribe. We await, with no little impatience, the two concluding volumes.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE WRITER OF "OUR NOTE-BOOK": MR. G. K. CHESTERTON AND MRS. PETRIE'S BUST OF HIM.
The bust has yet to receive the finishing touches.



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PEARL DIVERS OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

(Continued from Page 868.)

is now the trader who promotes this industry. This shell-money is invaluable throughout the length and breadth of darkest Papua. The pink shell-money (*sapi sapi*) is the inner layer of a bivalve (*Kaloma*) chiefly found along the rough coast of Rossel Island in the Louisiade Archipelago, and also at Sanaroa, D'Entrecasteaux Group. It is at Sanaroa where the Trobrianders fish for this shell. There is a little of it in the Trobriand lagoon, but those in Sanaroa are regarded as a better quality and more accessible. The "Mint" is generally the verandah of a trader's house. The boss is known as the "breaker," invariably an old experienced man of the sea, though some traders occasionally do the breaking. It is the "breaker's" work to see that the shells are broken correctly and to the prescribed size, an operation requiring expert knowledge and dexterous fingers, otherwise there would be heavy wastage. The shell is broken into pieces with a green stone. Traders use metal clippers. The pieces are roughly rounded so as to form a thick circular lump; these are then put into a hole in a cylindrical piece of wood which acts as a handle, and the lumps are rubbed on a piece of flat sandstone until both sides of the pieces are polished flat, revealing the layer of red, hard calcareous material. In the middle of them a hole is drilled with a pump drill, the perforated pieces are threaded on to a thin hard stick, and the shell is rubbed round and round until its form becomes circular. It is a lively scene when the Mint is in full swing: chatting, laughing, smoking, and chewing betel, they follow their laborious task. The coins completed, comes then the fascination of sewing them into belts, and making ear-rings and necklaces. Dark, languorous eyes glisten and sparkle as they gaze, fascinated, at these piles of fabulous wealth. Within four years the rich colour of the shell dies, and the owners frequently wear their *sapi sapi* ornaments while swimming in order to revivify the dying colour.

In recent years, owing to the number and keen competition of the traders, the natives have acquired a working knowledge of the value of a pearl, and within restricted limits can judge a good pearl from an inferior specimen; but in the early days it was a fortune for the asking. At that time, to the Trobrianders a pearl was something which grieved unpleasantly against the teeth when they were eating oysters, and was spat out as we would eject the pips

of an orange, and valued about as much. Invariably one hears tales of the days that were. How rapidly, how very quickly, the white man absorbs the riches of nature, which are becoming more difficult of access as the world grows older, but no better or wiser in the process!

Who and what are these men who comb the lagoons for their lustrous seeds, spending in a month the competence of a lifetime, reckless of the cost? Some there are, uncouth, coarse, ill-lettered, scarce capable of putting their forgotten names to paper—men who have cut themselves adrift from all bondage, and float on their own wild will, swayed only by the ever-undulating impulses of their own natures, living in filth and degradation; so that the primitive savage, by contact with them, becomes himself debased. These outcast whites, possessing neither creed nor colour, give to their native followers with a munificence that demoralises, partly to obtain a "parcel" of pearls. They dissipate their gain in wild carouse with whisky and native women, when life, for the nonce, is one long and glorious "drunk." In the course of time, climate, hard living, and wild debauch each leave their mark; they lose their grip on life. A bitter and irreparable regret seizes their wildly throbbing human hearts, even in the midst of the incomparable splendour of external nature; they terminate their inconsequential, futile careers with a bullet, or expire from the insidious administration of subtle poisons as a result of their intrigues with the natives. There are others who lead well-ordered lives. Alert, clear-eyed, generous are these lantern-jawed, sun-tanned men, playing the game with clean hands against their unscrupulous, conscienceless, and debased rivals, hoping in time to settle down to enjoy their perilously earned prosperity.

The most amazing feature about these strange men who have drifted in from the wastes of the Pacific is that, prior to their plunging into this fascinating enterprise, with but few exceptions they possessed no knowledge of pearls, and, possibly, had never even handled one. They purchase their knowledge in the hard school of experience, and in these days, when the natives realise the value of the gems, it is easy to lose heavily in a transaction. One of the traders, whose knowledge of pearls is exceptionally limited, purchases every pearl the natives bring him, both good and bad, in the hope of thus obtaining a good haul. But the Trobrianders are wise and cunning; they think: "This one Taubada 'e no savvy waituna (pearl); I take 'im all same 'rubbish.' Other feller Taubadas they savvy

'rubbish' altogether too much." The other traders, per medium of the natives, also sell their "rubbish" (Baroque: pearls of irregular shape) to this gullible individual, who intrigues with the chiefs, endeavouring to cause strife between them in order to obtain power.

Prior to the pearling season—i.e., November to March—the traders live more or less in amity; but once it commences it is a period of intrigue, move and counter-move. They eye each other with suspicion and mistrust, and the curtain rises upon one of Life's many comedies; for, despite their bitter enmity and the scandalous reports they circulate about each other, force of circumstances compels them to borrow necessities from each other—water, oil, general stores. They will meet at the Resident Magistrate's office, or on the pearling ground. Two there are whose trading sites are adjacent, their store windows facing each other. To ascertain which boys are taking pearls to their rival, and the amount of "trade" that is given for them, they keep each other under close surveillance with binoculars, each coming within the focus of his rival's glasses.

When news of a find leaks through, the traders send their boys to "make walk about" in the village to discover which of the natives is in possession of the pearls, to which of their rivals or to whom the native intends to barter them; also they place spies and pickets within the vicinity of their rival's trading rights. To influence the natives to bring the pearls to them, one of the traders broadcast through the villages fantastic tales of fabulous wealth, stories of the purchase of vast fleets of schooners loaded to Plimsoll with tobacco; and wonderful stories of intimate relationships with the Great White King. (By the way, one of my boys was most anxious to know if the Great White King employed a New Guinea cook-boy!)

One trader even went to the length of setting himself up as King of the Trobriands, telling the natives of his power and influence over the whole visible and invisible universe. These stories, however, did not impress the Trobrianders, as they still continued to take their pearls to their customary clients. The fact was that the interpretation of kingly behaviour, as exhibited by this self-styled monarch, did not accord with the Trobrianders' conception of royalty. And these primitive savages of the untamed wilds laugh, snigger, and profit hugely, mazed at these mad Taubadas who war, wrangle, and intrigue over a few trumpery seeds.



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Royal seals have been continuously used in England since Edward the Confessor probably imitated the French practice, but there is proof also of their use by Anglo-Saxon kings. The seal which Offa, King of Mercia, 8th century, used in confirming a grant of land to the Abbey of St. Denis, still exists.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Suspension
of Licenses.

There is food for very serious thought in the increasing practice among magistrates of suspending the defendant's driving license when convicting a motorist of driving to the common danger. It is



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agreed that, where the offence actually does constitute dangerous driving, there can be no complaint if the license is suspended for a period of time commensurate with the degree of danger proved. The trouble lies in the fact that there is no standard of what danger is, and, therefore, much injustice is done by reason of the fact that certain benches have apparently made an absolute rule that the license shall be suspended

automatically whenever a conviction is recorded. Many benches construe into "dangerous driving" conduct in which it is stretching the definition almost to breaking point so to describe it, and will convict on the flimsiest police evidence, inflicting a punishment which may have the most serious consequences to the victim. There is no uniformity in police methods, either. In some places, for instance, where there is a ten-miles limit, the practice is to issue summonses for "common danger" against those who are merely guilty of an excess of the speed-limit, and this is usually the course taken where the magistrates visit the offence with the extreme penalty of suspension. In other places, the summons is simply for exceeding the limit, and, although a fine is almost invariably imposed, there is no question of dealing with the license.

The matter is one of the greatest difficulty, mainly because of the real want of a definition of what constitutes dangerous driving. If it were laid down that before the license can be suspended for a first offence actual danger to persons must be proved, it might be better; but even here it is not easy to see a solution. So long as there are benches of magistrates who appear to think that they can ultimately suppress motor traffic altogether by the simple expedient of suspending the license of every driver who comes before them on a dangerous-driving charge, often supported by evidence which would not be accepted in any other class of case, this species of injustice will continue.

A Car Battery
Warning.

In the interests of motorists, the Automobile Association advises that lighted matches should never be brought near accumulators used on cars for lighting and self-starters. It is not generally known that while these batteries are being charged, and for a period after charging ceases, a highly inflammable gas passes from the cells. Recently, while a car was

halted with the engine still running and charging the battery, a motorist handed a lighted match to a friend across the car at about eighteen inches above the battery, which was located under the front seat. The gas from the battery, which was uncovered, immediately ignited and blew the acid into the eyes of the passenger, who has practically lost the sight of one eye.

An Autumn
Road Danger.

The Automobile Association appeals to occupiers of land not to burn autumn leaves near the roads. Many accidents have been caused to road-users blinded by dense smoke from bonfires. In the interests of public safety, fires should be laid as far from the road as possible—at least fifty feet—and every care taken to keep the highways clear of smoke. Early this year an inspector of A.A. Road Patrols was fatally injured through crashing into the rear of a lorry rendered invisible by smoke on the road.

W. W.



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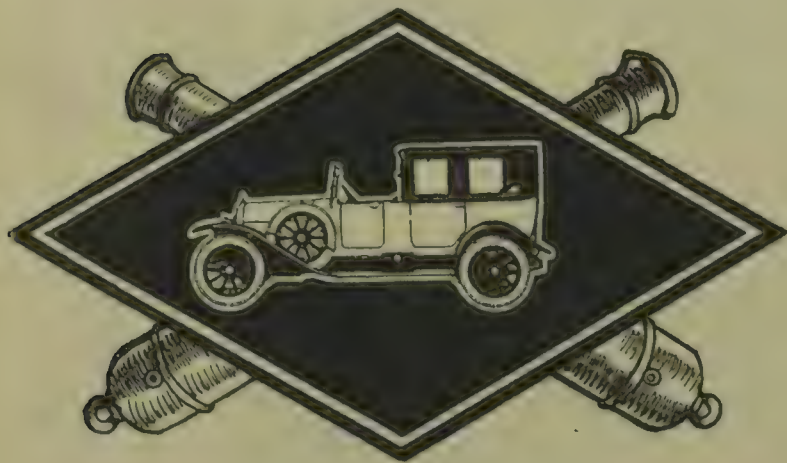
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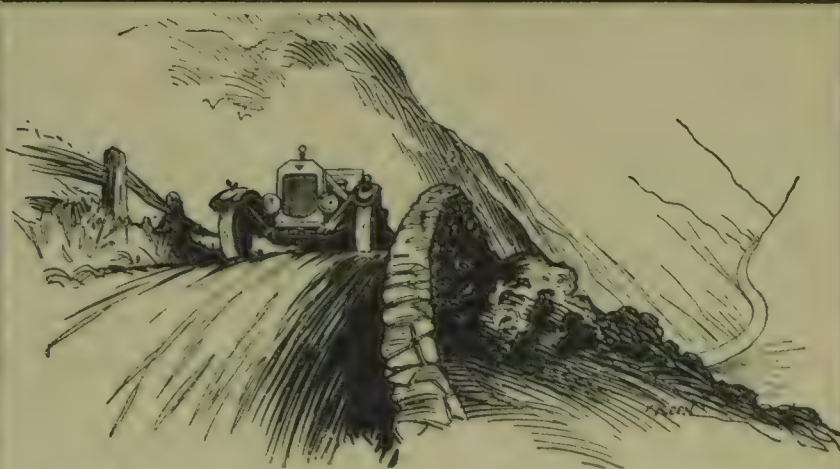
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A DISCOVERY AS WONDERFUL AS THAT OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB.

(Continued from Page 848.)

great numbers. At the same levels he came across charcoal and ancient hearths, with implements of stone and of bone scattered thickly around them.

But it was not until last year (1924) that the extent of the ancient settlement and the perfection of its preservation became known. The loess deposits contain earth which is valuable for brickmaking, and Moravia, like every other country in Europe, is in need of houses. A brick-making company, in 1924, dug wide trenches or pits across the deposits, which extend beyond the cliff. These trenches laid bare the hearths round which the ancient hunters had squatted and celebrated their feasts. A glance at Dr. Absolon's photographs of the trench-pits will give the reader some conception of the extent of this treasure-house of ancient man. It was a charnel house of the great animals of the Glacial period. Such was the profusion of implements in stone and bone, of domestic utensils, of ornaments and objects of art, that the Government took over the right of exploiting the site on behalf of its Museum in Brünn, and to rescue a unique record of prehistory for the benefit of science.

Although the ancient hunting station at Predmost is the most remarkable and extensive so far discovered in the world, it does not stand alone. When the Moravians were hunting mammoths, their contemporaries in the centre of France were capturing and eating horses by the score. Some forty miles to the north of Lyons rises up the "Rock of Solutré"; it was a rock-shelter for ancient hunters in Aurignacian times. In the deposits which slope away from its base occurs a stratum containing the bones of slain horses. This stratum covers an area several acres in extent, and contains the remains of many thousands of horses. In Spain, at Torralba, an ancient settlement of hunters pursued and slew a form of elephant now extinct—*Elephas antiquus*. I hold that the stratum of fossil hippopotamus bones found in Ghar Dalam, a cave in Malta, are the proceeds of successful hunts carried out by men who lived on the ancient land-bridge between Europe and Africa (see *The Illustrated London News* of Feb. 28, 1925). The great cave in Rhodesia, at the utmost recess of which the fossil remains of man were found, was filled by hunters' spoil. Pitted

man, we now know, carried a great slab-like bone weapon from the femur of a huge and extinct kind of elephant in the Weald of Sussex. It is clear that man had attained prowess as a hunter of great game at a most remote period. The discovery now made at Predmost throws a vivid light on his daring and elaborate mode of life.

Although it is only now that the importance of the discovery at Predmost is being realised, skulls and skeletons of the ancient hunters have been known for some years, although no adequate account has ever been published of them. In 1894 Professor Maska laid bare, in the deposits at the foot of the rock shelter at Predmost, a tomb of a most remarkable kind. It contained the remains of twenty individuals; twelve of them were adults, eight of them were children of varying ages. With the remains of one child lay a beautiful necklace; beside another was the skull of an Arctic fox. In the contemporary cave-burials in the South of France, bodies were interred singly, except in the case of the mother and son, in the deepest layer of the Grimaldi Cave near Mentone. But at Predmost they had a family tomb. In this tomb we must infer, from the disordered state of many of the skeletons, that burials were made from time to time. And it was a remarkable tomb—oval, or boat-like in shape, being 13 ft. long and 7½ ft. wide. One side of the tomb had its wall formed by the shoulder-blades of the mammoth, set upright and forming a row or palisade; the opposite side of the tomb was held up by a row of lower jaws from the same great animal. Over the tomb, and covering the human remains, was a layer of stones 16 in. in thickness—clearly a protection against wolf and hyæna. All was sealed deeply down in the loess which continued to gather after Predmost was deserted.

They were large-headed and big-brained people, these ancient hunters of Moravia. In Fig. 1 (page 848) is given an exact drawing, as seen in profile, of a man's skull—the strongest and most virile of those found in the tomb. The part of the skull which contains the brain is fitted within a framework of lines which is designed to take the same part of the skull of an average modern Englishman. It will be seen that, as regards length, the skull of the ancient hunter exceeds the length of the frame by 13 mm., being thus fully half an inch longer than the average English skull. The excess in length is largely due to the great development of the bony ridges over

the orbits. The vault of the skull rises somewhat higher than in English skulls, and its width is also greater, being 146 mm. The width of the skull is 72 per cent. of the total length—showing us we are dealing with a race of long-headed, or dolichocephalic people. The brain-containing capacity of the skull is 1578 cubic centimetres—100 cc. above the average for modern Englishmen. The cast taken from the interior of the skull reveals a complex and voluminous brain—its total length being 188 mm.—a striking amount. We need not wonder at the big-brainedness of these ancient hunters when we look at their handiwork, and realise the difficult and dangerous problems they had to solve.

To find a living race with facial features as robustly developed as in this ancient hunter we have to go to Tierra del Fuego, in the furthest limit of South America; but we must not suppose that a resemblance in robustness of facial development indicates a racial affinity between living Fuegian and extinct Moravian. The ancient Moravian hunter, in all the features of his skull and face, was a true European, but one of the most primitive yet discovered. His bony eyebrow (supra-orbital) ridges are more prominent, wider from side to side, and stronger than are to be seen in living Europeans. His jaws were bigger and stronger. In Fig. 5 is given an exact drawing of the roof of his mouth—his bony palate. It measures 33 cm., 8 cm. more than the palate of the average modern Englishman, and somewhat larger than the palate of the aboriginal native of Australia. The chin was strong and well developed, the nose prominent, long and wide. At first glance, even the skilled anthropologist may miss the most striking character of this man's face, for its length is very little more than is common amongst Englishmen, and its width between the cheek arches, although considerable, is not above that attained by many of us.

The peculiarity of this ancient hunter's face lies in the extent of its forward projection. The glabella, above the root of the nose, the nose itself, the front part of the jaws, and the chin stand forwards in front of the ear passages a half-inch more than is usual in the profile of a modern Englishman's face, and a quarter of an inch more than is usual in the profile of the Australian aborigine. Yet, owing to the forward position of the forehead, there is no evident muzzle—no prognathism or projection of the jaws. In this the men of Predmost resemble

(Continued overleaf.)



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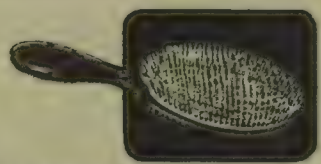
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(Continued.)

their contemporaries of France—the Cromagnon people. For, although the Predmost men were not tall, as the Cromagnons were, yet there can be no doubt they were racial cousins; both represent ancestral states of the men of Europe.

We have only to look at the skull of one of the Predmost women—perhaps she was wife or daughter of the man whose features have just been described—to realise that we are dealing with people of a true European type. A duplicate of the woman's skull might easily be found among the living inhabitants of Scandinavia and of Britain. A drawing of the profile of this skull is shown in Fig. 3, set in the standard frame. The profile of this ancient woman's skull more than fills the frame which is designed to take the skull of the average English male. This woman's skull is almost half an inch (12 mm.) longer, and a quarter of an inch higher in the roof, than that of the average modern Englishwoman. It is also wider, its width being 143 mm. She was, like the man, long-headed, or dolicho-cephalic, the width of the skull being 74 per cent. of its length. The brain capacity of her skull was 1520 cc.—more than 200 cc. above the average Englishwoman of to-day.

Her face was regularly formed; it shows none of the robust and primitive features seen in the man's face. We need not be surprised to find this marked sexual differentiation in a primitive people: in all races of mankind the woman tends much more than the man to retain the features of childhood and youth.

Amongst the Cromagnon people we find the same sharp separation of the sexes: the male has been awarded the brutal features and the fighting spirit. Amongst the Cromagnon people only the men were tall; the women were of medium stature—often they were really short. Woman's features point the direction in which evolution moves.

deserve, and will attain, a favoured place in the gallery of our prehistoric ancestors.

A date to be noted is Monday next, Nov. 2, which marks the commencement of the eleventh annual Economy Week held at Dickens and Jones's, Regent Street, W. During this event, many exceptional bargains are offered by each department. A catalogue full of tempting possibilities will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

We wish to draw the special attention of our readers to the excellent Hunting Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (dated Oct. 24) which this year is even more than usually elaborate. The coloured wrapper has a design by W. Smithson Broadhead, representing a terrier man with one of his pugnacious little charges; and the same artist has supplied a double-page study in colours entitled "The Huntsman." The other colour reproductions include a study of the Pau Foxhounds by A. J. Munnings, R.A., a spirited double-page entitled "Hold Hard!" by Gilbert Holiday, and a series of colour paintings by Lionel Edwards, illustrating various types of hunting countries, which will be much appreciated by that artist's many admirers. The issue also contains a number of hunting scenes in half-

tone; and another interesting feature is an article on the prospects of the season, and changes of mastership, by "Serrefile." On the lighter side are verses entitled "Paddy Duveen," written and illustrated by C. Garstin.



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With this brief introduction, the readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be the better able to appreciate the riches to be laid before them by Dr. Absolon. The ancient hunters of Moravia

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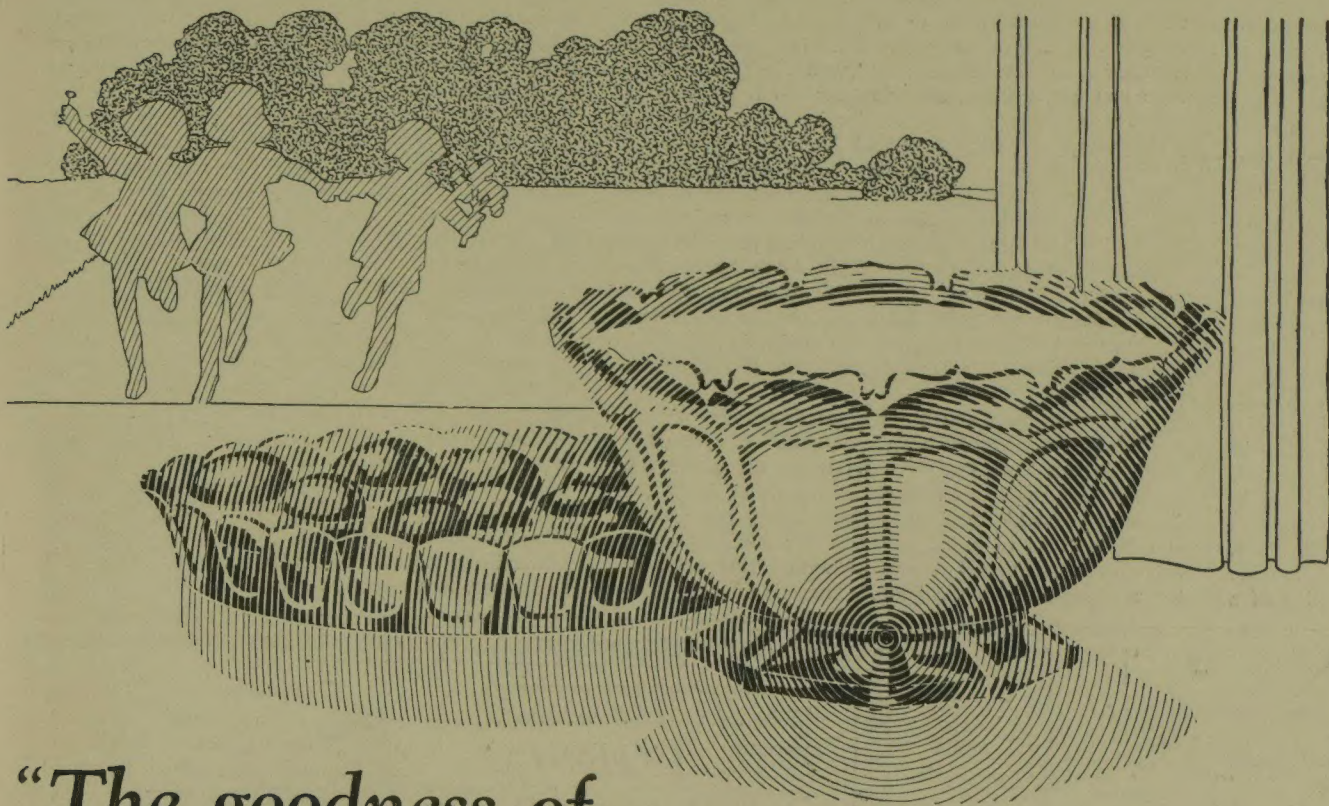
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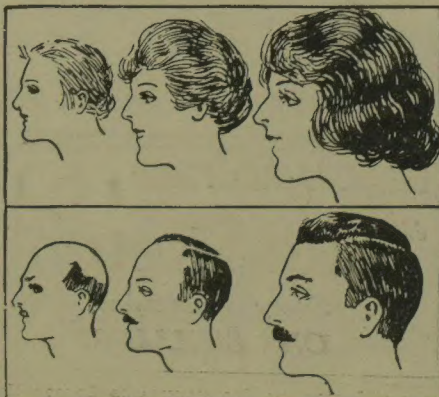
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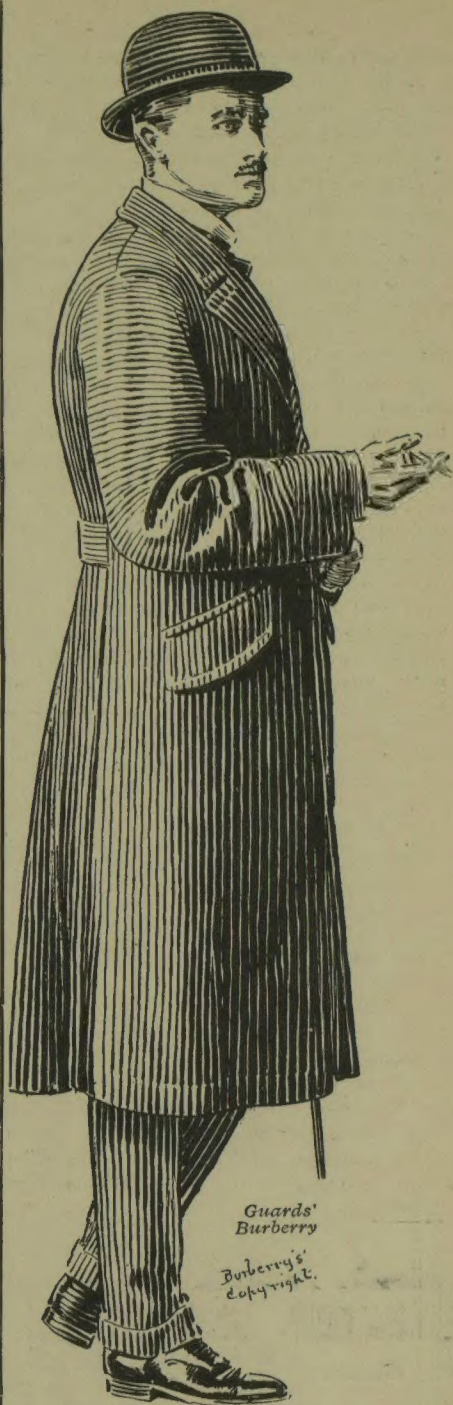
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. MONCKTON HOFFE'S "CRISTILINDA."
AT THE GARRICK.

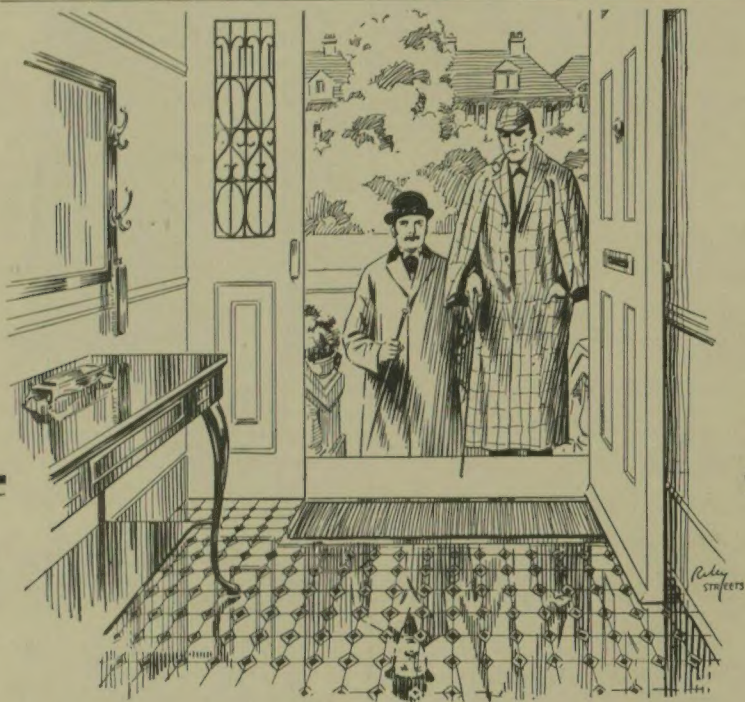
MR. MONCKTON HOFFE'S recipe for play-writing continues the same: he divides his characters into Bohemians and respectable folk, and gets comedy out of the contrast they afford when brought together. Moreover, he applies the method of the fairy-tale to his disreputable group and that of satire to their conventional foils, so that you know where his heart lies. You will find this system in full working order in his new Garrick play, "Cristilinda." Excellent, Monckton Hoffer at his best, is his "take-off" of a presentation scene, the locale a music-hall, the occasion the unveiling of a Lippo Lippi portrait of St. Ethelreda offered by a *nouveau riche* peer to the church named after the saint, and all the bigwigs of the town, Mayor, Bishop, Labour M.P., stolid Marquess, and self-effacing priest, as well as a Royal Prince, assembled in great formality. The thing is a "scream" from start to last. But that Old Master was a fake—really the picture of a circus girl, done by a lightning artist who afterwards got on in the world, but was at the time not deemed good enough by the lordly circus proprietor for his daughter's hand, and so we come round to the fairy-tale, which is done in big broad slabs of colour and with something of a

Dickensian touch. "General" Christopherson, proprietor of the circus, maintains his magnificent manner, but his circus falls on evil days; the "Lady" Cristilinda, his agile young daughter, becomes a cripple; there is a sort of villain in the shape of Iky Mo, who bought the picture originally, and binds the artist by a promise so that he cannot reveal the truth. And thus you get a scene, really rather too ingenious, in which the heroine tells the deceived "swells" the real history of the picture and begs them please be parties to the fraud, and, after they have naughtily given their consent, girl and artist visit the church to see the faked Old Master which she calls their "child." The force of the satire renders you indulgent to the fairy-tale, and, of course, Mr. Allan Aynesworth gives you full-blooded comedy in the character of the circus owner, and Miss Isobel Elsom buxom romance in her impersonation of Cristilinda; but one could do with a more fey touch in the heroine's portraiture.

"THE SEA-GULL" AT THE LITTLE.

Tchechov's story of "The Sea-Gull" is rather less static drama than he gives us when his talent has reached its most characteristic form, as in "The Cherry Orchard." Things happen here; not merely the wranglings of a mother and her son, successful actress and half-baked playwright and man respectively, but a seduction and a suicide. There is enough, how-

ever, of the true Tchechov to make his play profoundly interesting to watch; here once more we have a group of self-centred characters scarcely listening to one another amid all their abundance of talk, and mainly using conversation to explain themselves and express their own thoughts, as it were, aloud. There is the actress-mother radiating geniality, but using it consciously as part of her art, and at once limited in her sympathies and impatient of failure. There is her novelist lover ready to spoil a young girl's happiness so that he may add to his experience. There is the son who fails in love and fails with his play, and is so enraged at finding himself without the right temperament that he puts an end to himself. There is the young girl who acts in his play, but lacks understanding until her own suffering and humiliation bring her enlightenment. There is the old man who has missed his chance of "living," and the woman who is in "mourning for her life" and consoles herself with vodka. All these people live and reveal themselves under our eyes and hold us fascinated. Admirable performances are given at the Little Theatre, Miss Miriam Lewes's study of the actress being full of warm colour and charm; Mr. John Gielgud bringing out poignantly the pathetic futility of Konstantin; and Miss Valerie Taylor acting with such naturalness and power in the conventional rôle of the victimised girl as to suggest that she is on the threshold of a big career.



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